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SIXPENCE.
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MR. FRED STOREY AS RIP VAN WINKLE, AT THE ALHAMBRA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HANA, STRAND.

A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

Some of us, whose nefarious pursuits demand nocturnal walks at unseemly hours, when respectable citizens are in bed, see strange upheavals of the silent city. About two or three of the clock I pursue my homeward way, made devious by the labours of sad-eyed men, in the light of flaring gas-jets. They are cheered by the mute sympathy of a few spectators, who gaze fixedly at the monotonous toil as if mildly expectant of the unearthing of treasure from the bowels of the roadway. I see the same faces continually, sometimes turned towards a friendly coffee-stall, where a penn'orth of mysterious elixir seems to refresh the watchers for another spell of unrewarded-vigil. Gradually the truth dawns upon me. This is not London which will wake in a few hours to another crowded day of glorious life; it is a dead city, dead as Herculaneum; and the men with pick and shovel, and an unnatural waste of gas, are toiling in search of relics of a remote era, suitable for a museum where decorous visitors, having first given up their umbrellas, will make what shift they can, without those stimulating companions, to understand the quaint symbols of bygone minds.

I addressed myself to one of the toilers, who stood leaning reflectively on his pick. "I suppose you have found many tokens of a buried civilisation?" He touched something with the toe of a huge boot. "Looks like a bit of wood pavement, don't it?" he said. "But it ain't. Bless yer! that's the skull of Blimey Bill, the famous music-'all artist. Never heerd tell of 'im? Why, my grandfather used to sing his great song when I was a kid. He died all of a sudden, when he was singin' that very song at a meetin' of the County Council—they'd made him a member, he was so respected, you see—and they passed a resolution straight off to bury him at the door of the music-'all where he fust made his name. We've been a-diggin' out that 'all, and if this ain't his 'ead I'll eat my own!" "What was a music-'all, anyway?" asked one of the mournful bystanders with a faint touch of sarcasm. "You're a bloomin' young hignoramus!" retorted the man with the pick. "My grandfather taught me more than you'll ever learn in a Board school!" "Perhaps you will tell us the tale of your grandfather, then?" I suggested deferentially. "All right, guv'nor," he responded cheerfully. "You stand me a mug at the stall." In the true spirit of scientific inquiry, I stood mugs for the whole company, who also cleared out a store of granite cake at my expense.

"You see," proceeded the pick, "it was like this. Some folks used to go to music-'alls and some to theaytres, but most of 'em to the 'alls. Then it was said that theaytres gave people the 'eadache, the plays was so deep; and the County Council got the doctors to look into it; and they made out that if plays wasn't stopped 'Anwell would be overcrowded, and Colney 'Atch would 'ave to be sixteen storeys 'igher. Why, the children used to come 'ome from the pantomime with their little 'eads a-bulgin' so that they couldn't 'old 'em up for a week! There was a lot o' jaw in Parlyment, and just then Blimey Bill came up with his great song, and that settled it." "Settled what?" asked the sceptic in the crowd. "Saved all the bulgin' kids, yer lump o' putty!" replied the pick. "In six months there wasn't a theaytre in the town; they were turned into 'alls, with Blimey Bill singin' 'imself 'oarse in every one of 'em. My grandfather 'eard 'im in Westminster 'All a-carollin' like mad before the bishops and the beaks. Parlyment voted 'im a statyer—" "A wot?" said the sceptic. "Oh heddication!" exclaimed the pick. "There ain't no statyers now, but you can see a bit o' Blimey Bill's, along with the Dook o' York, at old Simpson's pub. out 'Ampstead way. He's a connysewer is Simpson; he's got a reg'lar menagerie of hantiquities in the back garden."

"But what is this ballad," I asked, "which saved the nation from idiocy?" The pick wiped his brow, modestly cleared his throat, and remarking that he could remember only one verse, launched into this inspiring strain—

*Get 'ome 'fore the 'ouses shut!
Don't stick in a bally rut,
But keep yer eye on Blimey Bill,
Who's always good for the price of a gill;
And as from the copper you cut,
Just fetch 'im a crack on the nut—
A 'int to his boss at Worship Street
To put it down in the charges sheet,
To put it down with a nice new quill,
As the compliments of Blimey Bill,
Of Blimey, Blimey, Blimey, Blimey, Blimey, Blimey Bill!*

There was something so infectious in the gay philosophy of this stave that even the melancholy sceptic chanted "Blimey" as if it were the battle-cry of freedom, with a variety of inflection giving that simple and unpretending word, the origin of which is hidden from me, infinite suggestions of popular instruction and contentment.

If there should ever come a time when the antiquaries will go burrowing in our Herculaneum, I wonder whether they will be greatly scandalised by some of our ancient literature? In A.D. 3000 what will be the feelings of the curio-seeker when he comes across a copy of "Trilby"? Will he endorse the judgment of a reverend critic of our times, who says this romance is "prurient madness"? Will he lock it up in a cupboard, to be taken out in a shamefaced way for the recreation of his cronies after dinner? I am the more concerned about this dubious immortality for Mr. Du Maurier's work, as I notice in his new story in *Harper's* a tendency to flout Mrs. Grundy's ecclesiastical husband. What must be the horror of the Vicar of Grundyville to learn that the hero of "The Martian"—is the natural son of an English peer and a French opera-singer, that after the death of his parents he is taken up and petted, actually petted, by his father's noble family, that he bears no sort of moral blemish as the punishment of his lamentable origin, but, in some miraculous way, draws the inspiration of genius from the planet Mars! The ostensible narrator of his adventures, who becomes a baronet and M.P.—and ought, therefore, to know better—tells us that Josselin grew to be the greatest literary man of his time. There was a conspiracy of the spheres to obliterate his bar sinister, and to make out that his deplorable father and mother were most enviable people to have produced such a prodigy! "A nice encouragement to wedlock!" I can hear the Vicar of Grundyville remark.

To be sure, if this new and distressing relation between Venus and Mars have any scientific basis, the effect of Mr. Du Maurier's social astronomy on the morals of the race may well appal the Vicar's prophetic eye. Here is a diabolical conjunction, much more alarming than the revelations of Diana Vaughan and Leo Taxil, which are occupying the grave consideration of the Fathers in God assembled at the Anti-Masonic Congress. Every Freemason, according to this learned body, is a lieutenant of Satan, and indulges in blasphemous orgies, directed in this country by the Prince of Wales. But even this horror shrivels into commonplace before the discovery that the Evil One is using the planet Mars to stimulate profligacy by an assurance to illegitimate offspring of mental powers which will place them on the highest pinnacle of literary fame. It is unfortunate that this should be coincident with our astronomical approach to Mars. The canals made by Martians have come into view. While heedlessly admiring their system of irrigation, we have not been alive to the possible contamination of their moral code. Now that the danger is manifest, I expect the Vicar to make a dead set against astronomy. Young men and maidens who are properly brought up will discontinue the star-gazing which has hitherto distinguished an early stage of the tender passion. Every care must be taken to seclude them from the disastrous influence which Mr. Du Maurier has brought to light, and I am not without hope that very soon the most casual mention of the planet Mars will bring a blush to the exceedingly industrious cheek of the Young Person.

These reflections, I fear, will not commend themselves to Mr. George Moore, who is complaining that Thackeray did not show us the soul of Becky Sharp. "Vanity Fair," Mr. Moore is good enough to say, is a masterpiece of portraiture in outline; but we don't know what was "inside Becky." Mr. Moore is especially aggrieved because Thackeray does not explain in detail, after the manner of the French masters, the exact relations between Becky and Lord Steyne. Was she a cold or a passionate woman? Receiving no answer to this question, Mr. Moore declares that "Vanity Fair" is without moral significance. Well, there is no great mystery in Becky's psychology. She is pre-eminently the woman of calculation, and the uses she made of Steyne are sufficiently illuminated at the crucial moment when Rawdon intervenes in a famous scene which has the misfortune to convey no idea to Mr. Moore. The particulars for which he craves are essential, no doubt, to the elucidation of Madame Bovary; but Becky is perfectly intelligible and artistic without them. Probably Mr. Moore finds Beatrix Esmond nothing but an outline, though to most of us she is a very real and vivid personage; and I dare say that Barry Lyndon—a character drawn from the "inside," if there ever was one—strikes him as equally shadowy. We must bear this with fortitude.

THE LATE WILLIAM MORRIS.

The death of William Morris, poet, artist, and socialist, removes another great figure from the ranks of Victorian literary giants—ranks in which Mr. Ruskin, Mr. Swinburne, and Mr. Meredith are now alone survivors. Morris was primarily a poet, with a poet's enthusiasm for a world in which ugliness and cruelty were eliminated—the ugliness of commercial tyranny against which Tennyson had earlier protested in "Maud," and the cruelty which arises from "man's inhumanity to man." It was Ruskin, Morris always said, who had been the greatest influence in his life. What Ruskin preached in the abstract Morris endeavoured to carry out with immense practicality, now designing wall-papers, now furniture, and latterly reconstructing a considerable portion of the book-world through his Kelmscott Press. The hideousness in furniture and in many phases of domestic art which characterised the early Victorian era has been entirely revolutionised by Morris. To him, next to Mr. Ruskin, it is due that an æsthetic sense pervades the homes even of the poorest to-day.

William Morris was born at Walthamstow, in Essex, in 1834, and was educated at Marlborough and at Exeter College, Oxford. It has been



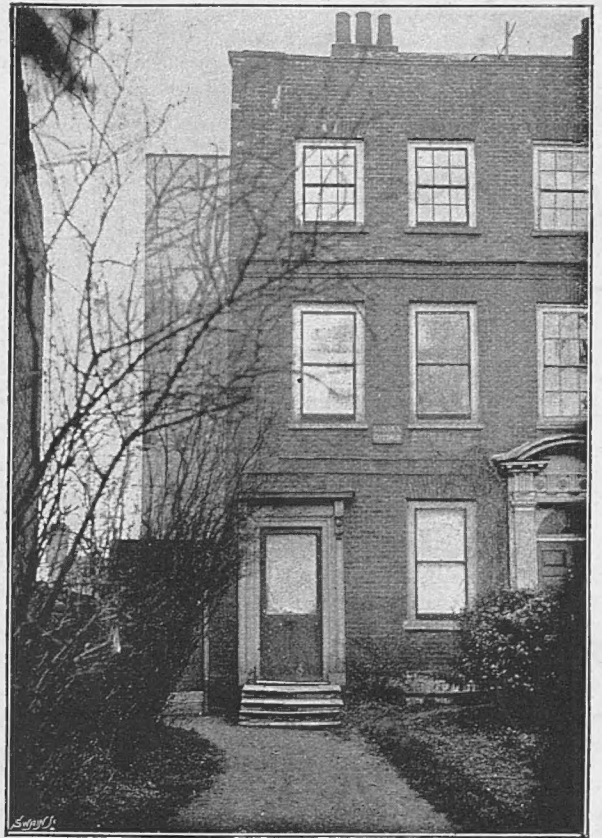
MR. WILLIAM MORRIS.

Photo by F. Hollyer.

stated in all the daily papers that Morris's first book was "The Defence of Guinevere," in 1858; but a little earlier "Sir Galahad: a Christmas Mystery," was published by Bell and Daldy, "Sir Galahad" being reprinted in "The Defence of Guinevere." From 1858 to 1896 Mr. Morris has published a large number of works in prose and verse, his "Dream of John Ball" being probably his best effort in prose, and his "Earthly Paradise" his most popular achievement in verse. The succession of stories which make up the "Earthly Paradise" is likely to prove as imperishable as the "Decameron" itself. It may not be great poetry, but it is of the poetry which will live, because to an age growing more and more mechanical it carries us into a golden world where sin and eld can never come. And the reading public of the future will, a large number of them, always wish to be transported into such a world. Mr. Morris was a great poet, and he was also a good man. All who, from personal association, remember his unselfish devotion to his ideals, his abundant readiness to help others, his geniality and large-heartedness, must feel that they have lost a friend indeed, as the wider public has lost a writer of sterling worth and of undying literary fame. Mr. Morris died at his Hammersmith residence, Kelmscott House, on Saturday last (Oct. 3). His daughter, Miss May Morris, who was intimately associated with one side of her father's art work, that of decorated tapestries and needlework design, married, some years ago,

a young journalist, Mr. Halliday Sparling, who was for some time Mr. Morris's secretary.

By a pathetic coincidence, Mr. Morris's works have been collected into a uniform edition for the first time by Messrs. Longmans while their



KELMSCOTT PRESS.

Photo by Halliday Sparling.

author has been on his death-bed. Mr. Andrew Lang, in reviewing the edition in the October *Longman's Magazine*, gives the following pleasant tribute to Mr. Morris's genius—

To all who desire the restoration of beauty in modern life, Mr. Morris has been a benefactor almost without example. Indeed, did space permit and were



KELMSCOTT HOUSE.

Photo by Halliday Sparling.

adequate knowledge mine, Mr. Morris's poetry should have been criticised as only a part of the vast industry of his life in many crafts and many arts. His place in English life and literature is unique as it is honourable. He has done what he desired to do—he has made vast additions to simple and stainless pleasures.

THE THEATRES.

Saturday evening at the Comedy began very well. "A White Stocking," by Mr. Edward Ferris and Mr. Arthur Stuart, is a neatly written one-act play, not, perhaps, marked by individuality or showing a gift for character-drawing, but displaying some ability in construction and style in dialogue. The artistic fault of the piece is that the subject really is too large, and, consequently, all the scenes are over-compressed; however, it is good to find a play not too much diluted with talk. The acting was remarkably good. Miss Elliott-Page has already proved herself fit for far heavier parts than that of Lydia Stapleton, and were the stage in a normal state, one would be amazed to see her engaged merely for a curtain-raiser. However, at a time when, of seventeen West-End houses, seven are given to the musical "go-as-you-please," one to comic opera, three to melodrama, three to farcical comedy, one to Shakspeare, one to "The Sign of the Cross"—which is beyond classification—and but one to comedy; at a time when Miss Marion Terry, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and Miss Robins are resting, it is not surprising to find that a talented young artist whose natural work is comedy should find progress difficult. Miss Elliott-Page certainly acts gracefully and with a pretty touch of emotion as the rector's daughter. Mr. W. F. Hawtrey gave a very clever piece of character-acting as her father, and Mr. Hippisley, in the part of her scapegrace lover, played in a manly, pleasant fashion.

The first act of "Mr. Martin" caused one to think that in Mr. Charles Hawtrey we have a new dramatist of real value. Until the last moment it seemed as if we were to have a very clever, cruel, depoeitised version of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." Miss Lottie Venne, as Maudie Vavasour of the Halls, seems nicely drawn as the "good sort" vulgar creature that would drive the guardsman mad. It was a great disappointment to find, just as the curtain fell, that Maudie had a husband alive, and could not marry Sinclair—that, in fact, what promised to be a comedy of character was merely a commonplace play with a plot. However, even had the latter part of "Mr. Martin" been heavier than it was, the first act, with its perfect portraiture of some Bohemian types, would have been a compensation. Tiny Merridew, described on the programme, with unintended sarcasm, as *at present* at the Gaiety, was a highly ingenious study of the chorus-girl on her Society behaviour, and the brilliant acting of Miss Nina Boucicault gave value to every word. How we longed to see her in the other acts! Mr. Frederick Volpe, as the sort of wealthy, loud-voiced man, with idiotic laugh, who would marry a Gaiety girl, was another clever study, and his wife, with cultivated *gentlelity*, matched him perfectly, while Mr. Alfred Matthews, the nice "boy" who had visited the Gaiety forty-four times during the run of one piece, because "it's the only place where you can see real acting," represented admirably a finely drawn sketch.

The part given to himself by Mr. Hawtrey fitted well into the group—the half-reformed, middle-aged ex-rake, rather observer of the garish gaiety of the theatrical Bohemian than sharer in the game, the man wise enough to know the folly and vulgarity of it all and too weak to wean himself, seemed needed as chorus. How far the part suited the actor it is difficult to say; the actor-manager-dramatist can hardly seem at his best on a first night, and he was very nervous, and the more since the specialised audience chose to apply to him personally some of the speeches addressed to Mr. Martin. Moreover, his dialect was perplexing. Two gentlemen nearly fought during the entr'acte because the one maintained that the dialect was Irish, the other American. A third told me that "Charlie" was mimicking a well-known man about town, who, cockney by birth, has a curious mode of speech that hints almost every nation save the English. Whatever the truth, the effect is curious, particularly seeing that the dialect is intermittent. The part, quietly played with Mr. Hawtrey's famous light touch, has no little charm. The last part to be noted is the American card-sharper, admirably presented by Mr. Brookfield, who, as usual, highly individualises the part.

These characters, ingeniously handled in the first act, are quite fascinating; afterwards, alas! they are twisted about to suit the needs of a story by no means novel and told artlessly. Some trimming and pruning, notably of Miss Lottie Venne's part, will render the intrigue

passably interesting. With all charity, one may hint that Miss Venne excels rather in the humours than the forced and inconsistent pathos of her part. Perhaps her emotional moments are admirable; but one cannot banish the memory of her comic work, and it makes one a little distrustful.

No doubt this is an unenthusiastic notice of a play which gave one a pleasant evening; I cannot, however, forget some dreary stretches in the second act and third. It seems to me that Mr. Hawtrey, who clearly has a gift for observation, and cleverness in setting down the result of it, would gain much if aided by a fellow-worker with more audacity and experience.

I find that I have not left very much space for "The White Silk Dress," and am not altogether sorry, for there is not very much to be said about it. Mr. Dam's plot, it is obvious, has been a good deal knocked about. He has not taken the measure of Mr. Arthur Roberts very nicely, and the consequence is that the original design has been chopped and changed till something like Roberts and chaos is the outcome. I admit that all this is mere conjecture based on the fact that Mr. Dam's former work, notably in "The Shop Girl," shows a logic and sense of form lacking in the new affair. After all, the eccentric genius is hardly to be bound down to a complex intrigue; all that he wants is a frame, and that must be elastic. The same kind of accident appears to

have happened in "Biarritz." It, therefore, seems unfair to judge Mr. Dam by the plot, which, as it stands, is not brilliant, and probably will be, in a fashion, the better when Mr. Roberts has knocked it about still more. At any rate, credit is due to him for lyrics neat in writing and adorned by some smart strokes of humour not over-subtle.

What about the Mr. Roberts of the stage, who, like his namesake of the cue, is unique? Is his magnetism weakening, his "lifting" power lessening? I am not sure; certainly, though a few numbers roused the audience, his friends in the house at times seemed dissatisfied with him. Many a stroke told, but an unwonted number fell almost flat. Yet I should not like to prophesy. Lively music, gorgeous dresses, and the inestimable reserve force of Mr. Roberts, aided by a few clever people, may yet render "The White Silk Dress" a success. I should hardly recommend a dear friend to visit the theatre until the "working-up" has been done. "A few clever people" was a phrase I had to use, for the company is not very strong. Miss Decima Moore is delightful, but used too sparingly; Miss Loftus clever and energetic—she shows no signs of learning how to act; Mr. Cheeseman played ingeniously, and there is some cleverness in Mr. E. H. Kelly; perhaps the others would have been praiseworthy under more favourable circumstances.

It is curious that the critic who gets an over-dose of the theatre during the season should hasten to see all the pieces produced during his

holiday absence. I have hastened, perhaps, somewhat slowly; but if the others are as good as "Monte Carlo," the first I have chosen, I shall rush through the list. It certainly seems to me one of the pleasantest of the musical farces. Mr. Robb Harwood's song, "The Thinning of the Thatch," made me roar with laughter, though I am one whom the cap fits. The music of Mr. Howard Talbot is both gay and pretty. Mr. Sydney Carlton has written clever dialogue, and Mr. Greenbank's rhymes are very ingenious.

The hit, of course, is made by Miss Lalor Shiel, a lady whose broad humour has a nice touch of restraint in it. One of the pleasantest features to me was the appearance of Miss Aida Jenoure, who has a charming skill in acting and dainty gift for dancing, as well as a voice and style in singing rarely found in light musical pieces; it is a pity that her part is not rendered more prominent. Miss Emmie Owen seems gaiety itself. The work of several of the actors, notably of Messrs. Eric Lewis, E. W. Garden, Charles Rock, and Robb Harwood is exceedingly good, and contributes much towards the quality of a very pleasant entertainment.

MONOCLE.

The London correspondent of the *Chicago Daily Tribune* says: "In addition to the former announcement of the domestic event expected to the Dowager Duchess of Marlborough, Lady William Beresford, the official announcement was made to-day to friends of the young Duchess of Marlborough that the same happy event is now certainly expected at Blenheim Palace."



MR. RICHARD GREEN IN "MONTE CARLO," AT THE AVENUE THEATRE.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

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THE INQUEST ON OPHELIA.

A FRAGMENT FROM THE "ELLSINORE GAZETTE."

At the Town Hall on Thursday, Mr. Coroner Lorenzo held an inquest on the body of Ophelia, daughter of Polonius, the late Lord Chamberlain of Denmark. The sad demise of the young lady, following upon that of her father, who (as reported in our issue of last week) was accidentally killed at the Palace, has created much sensation in the town.

Laertes, a young officer of the Life Guards, identified the deceased as his sister. He last saw her on the previous afternoon, during an audience of King Claudius. She then seemed to be not quite in her right mind. She was fantastically dressed, and her speech was incoherent. Previous to that he had not seen her for several weeks, as he had been abroad.

THE CORONER. Do you know whether she had any love affair?

WITNESS. Before I left I warned her against the advances of his Royal Highness Prince Hamlet, who had paid her some attention.

THE CORONER. Did she encourage him?

WITNESS. Not actively, I think. But naturally her position, as daughter of a Minister of State, towards the heir to the throne was one of some delicacy; more especially as Prince Hamlet and my father did not always get on very well. I have heard—

THE CORONER. Hearsay is not evidence. Did she mention his Royal Highness's name when you saw her yesterday?

WITNESS. No. But she said something about "bonny young Robin" being all her joy.

A JURYMAN. Do you know this Robin?

WITNESS. No.

THE JURYMAN. Is there anyone about the Court of the name of Robin?

WITNESS. Not that I know of.

ANOTHER JURYMAN. I think inquiries should be made. It seems to me this man Robin should be called as a witness.

A THIRD JURYMAN. Has Prince Hamlet any middle name like Robertus, or Robinbras, or anything of that sort?

WITNESS. I believe not.

THIRD JURYMAN. But he must have some other name. Is Hamlet his surname or his Christian name?

THE CORONER. Really, gentlemen, I think this touches a constitutional question upon which it is not our province to enter.

THIRD JURYMAN. I only want to know who Robin is. (To WITNESS.) Had the deceased any pet name for the Prince?

WITNESS. I have heard her address him as "my lord Hamlet" and "my honoured lord": that is all.

Francisco, a soldier of the Castle Guard, deposed that, being off duty, he was taking a walk by the side of the river on Wednesday afternoon, when he saw the deceased on the opposite bank. She wore no hat, and had flowers stuck all over her. She climbed a tree, but the branch broke and she fell in and was drowned.

P.C. Dogbernardo, 221 K, said that as he was proceeding along the Castle Road at twenty minutes past four on Wednesday afternoon, he saw the deceased coming from the direction of the Castle. She was behaving in an extraordinary manner, and singing objectionable songs—at least, he would have considered them improper if she had not been the Lord Chamberlain's daughter.

THE CORONER. Why did you not stop her?

WITNESS. There's a many mad folks at the Castle. I might have had to arrest my lord Hamlet next.

THIRD JURYMAN. Why, I should like to know, should the Castle lunatics be allowed to stray on the public highway to the common danger? We might be murdered in our beds some night.

SECOND JURYMAN. I think we should instruct the Coroner to censure the Government for allowing such things. If I put flowers in my hair and went about screeching, I'd soon enough be clapped in the stocks, I'll warrant.

THE CORONER. Gentlemen, gentlemen, you wander from the point. You must hear the evidence before you add riders to the verdict you have not yet arrived at.

Lafangrof, who described himself as first clown, was the next witness. He appeared in the box in his workaday attire, and at once proceeded to divest himself of his coat, which he hung over the rail.

THE CORONER. Put on your coat at once, sir. What do you mean?

THE WITNESS. Marry, sir, I mean nothing. For to be mean is a fault, and a fault is wickedness, and to be wicked is damnation, and he that is damned is no live man. Argal, I mean nothing. (Laughter.)

THE CORONER. If you do not at once put on your coat, sir, you must leave the court.

WITNESS. Then shall I leave the court by your leave; and, in good faith, I'd as lief do that as stay. But here lies the point. It is my habit to work in this habit; a man must either work or play. As the giving of evidence is not play, it follows that it is work: argal, behold my shirt-sleeves. (Laughter.) But (resuming his coat), as you will, Sir—as you will.

In the course of much questioning, it was elicited from the witness that he had seen the deceased floating down the stream. She was not then dead, being upborne by her clothes; and she sang as she was swept along by the current. Witness, who sang a little himself, believed the melodies to be love-songs of an inferior order.

THE CORONER. Did you not try to rescue her?

WITNESS. Marry, no, sir! It is not for me to say nay to a gentlewoman who seeks her own salvation. Moreover, sir, had I wet my feet, I might have drowned; had I drowned, I could not have dug her grave, and there is none in Elsinore can handle skulls with so happy a humour.

THE CORONER. So you are sexton as well as clown?

WITNESS. Even so, sir; and I hold it is not meet that a grave-digger should be a solemn digger. (Laughter.)

THE CORONER. Stand down, sir. This is not a theatre, but a Court of Justice.

Dr. Dosemerantz gave evidence to the effect that death was due to drowning. The phenomenon of the buoyant clothes was, in his experience, unprecedented; but it might possibly happen in cases of indirect narration or of dramatic licence.

The Coroner, in his summing-up, commented on the sad nature of the case. It was, he said, evident that the poor young lady had been out of her mind for some time. No woman in her right senses would climb a tree in garments more suitable for a theatrical performance than for athletic exercise. There was, he thought, no evidence of suicidal intent.

THIRD JURYMAN. Mr. Coroner, before we give our verdict, there is one question I want to ask. Where is Prince Hamlet, and why is he not here before us to-day? I don't see there should be one law for Princes and another for the rest of the world.

THE CORONER. I understand, gentlemen, that his Royal Highness is now on a voyage to England to recruit his health. It is improbable, however, that his presence here would shed any further light on this sad occurrence, and I do not think it necessary to adjourn the inquiry.

THIRD JURYMAN. But it is quite clear that he has been flirting with this young lady, and that she went mad in consequence of his desertion. (Hear, hear!) I insist on having this matter probed to the bottom. We have already had enough Court scandals this season. (Hear, hear!)

THE CORONER. Gentlemen, gentlemen, I beseech you to remember the dignity of your office. I am assured that the Prince's overtures of love were entirely honourable, and that he would have wedded the deceased but for the infirmity which has overtaken him. He has of late had strange hallucinations, and his uncle, our beloved Sovereign, has acted in the public interest no less than in the Prince's own in sending him on this voyage.

THIRD JURYMAN. That is all very well, but everybody knows how easily these things are hushed up.

THE CORONER. I have here a certificate signed by Doctors Dosemerantz and Pillsantern to the effect that the Prince Hamlet is suffering from a strange form of cerebral disease, which renders him, as such ailments sometimes do, a source of danger to those whom in his sane moments he holds nearest and dearest. It would, even if he were here, be impossible for him to give evidence; so that you will please, gentlemen, to say no more on the subject.

The jury eventually returned a verdict of "Accidental Death," and recommended that railings should be erected on the banks of the river.

R. B.

EMPIRE.—EVERY EVENING, THE NEW GRAND BALLET,
LA DANSE.
LUMIERE'S CINEMATOGRAPE. GRAND VARIETIES. Doors open at 7.30.

ALHAMBRA.—EVERY EVENING, TWO NEW GRAND
BALLET, RIP VAN WINKLE and DONNYBROOK. Grand Varieties.
Prices 6d. to £3 3s. Open 7.30. ALFRED MOUL, General Manager.

INDIA AND CEYLON EXHIBITION.
EARL'S COURT. IMRE KIRALFY, Director-General.
Main Entrance: LILLIE ROAD, WEST BROMPTON.
Indian, Cingalese, and Burmese Palaces and Shops.
FIVE BANDS.
EARL'S COURT ART UNION.
The Drawing of Prizes
Will take place at 2 p.m. on October 14.
Mr. Imre Kiralfy's Great Spectacle
"India."
1500 Performers; 200 Chorus. Two performances daily, at 3.30 and 8 p.m.
Open 11 a.m. to 11.15 p.m. One Shilling.

GIGANTIC WHEEL running daily.
Two 20-guinea "Waverley" Bicycles
given weekly to passengers.

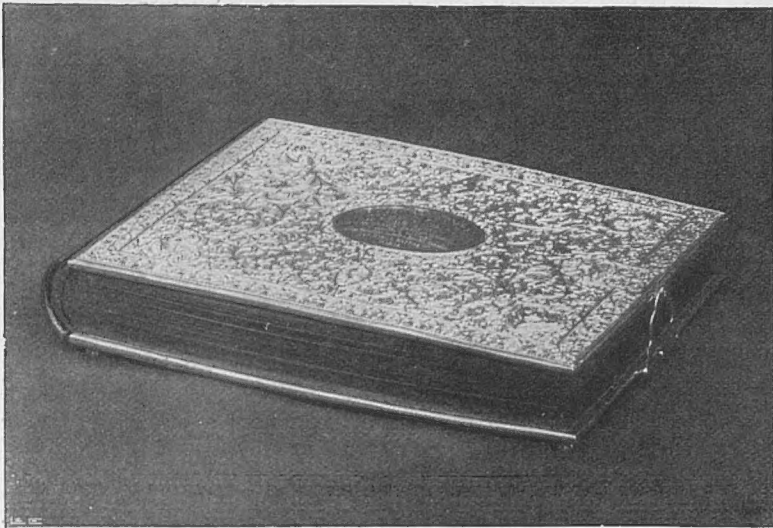
FIREWORKS AT CRYSTAL PALACE.—Magnificent Displays
Thursday next, and Thursday, Oct. 15 (last of the season), at 8, by Messrs. C. T. Brock and Co., including the immense spectacular nautical device, The Wreck and the Lifeboat Rescue, The Travelling Tinker, The Giant Peacocks, the Expanding Stars, &c. Can be witnessed by tens of thousands without extra payment. 1s. 6d. from London and back, including admission.

CYCLISTS are made up from all classes of the community, and yet there is a subtle fascination in the sport which appeals to every rider of the wheel. The subtle fascination of the "Humber" is irresistible. It is incomparably the pleasure cycle.
Catalogues on application at 32, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.

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The handsomely furnished Enclosed Suites of this Hotel provide either Temporary or Permanent
HOMES WITHOUT A HOUSEHOLD CARE.
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Excellent Cuisine. Choice Wines.
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SMALL TALK.

A wonderful souvenir has just been presented to the Queen by Messrs. Johnston and Hoffman, of Calcutta. It contains fifty-seven portraits of the ruling Princes and Chiefs of India, and sixty-six views of their capitals and palaces. The photos were taken specially by the donors, who sent them, together with the covers, to their English agents,

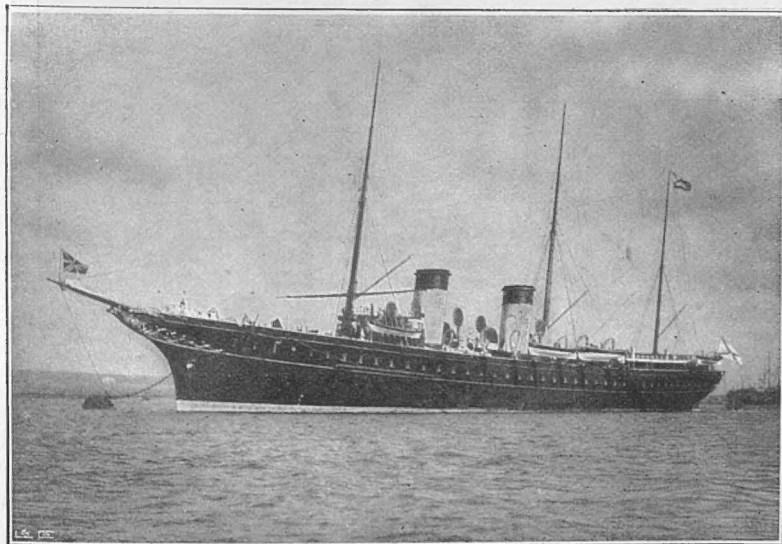


AN ALBUM FOR THE QUEEN.

Messrs. S. Fitze and Co., of London and Calcutta, who in their turn instructed Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co. to illuminate and bind the costly volume. All concerned have done their work splendidly, and, apart from the intrinsic value of the album, its interest makes it unique. Oblong in shape, and in size 21 by 15½ inches, the front cover is of Cashmere silver repoussé work, figured over with Indian deities, and having in the centre an oval medallion with the following inscription—

To her Most Gracious Majesty
Queen Victoria,
Empress of India,
This Album
is by her Majesty's special permission
Respectfully dedicated
by her Majesty's Obedient and Humble Servants,
Johnston and Hoffman,
India.

The back cover is of gold embroidery work with silver rim; the back and end linings are blue. The photos are mounted on cardboard, and the leaves are illuminated in Oriental style. To hold this precious gift there is a casket of elaborate workmanship, likewise lined with blue silk. The pictures themselves are very interesting, and taken in a way that suggests a clarity of Indian atmosphere to which we of Western Europe are strangers. The Indian Princes are a fine-looking set of men; some seem to have stepped direct from illustrations of the "Arabian Nights," others have mildly essayed English dress, but added a turban with somewhat incongruous effect. Only a very few are of a type that has lost little of its primitive savagery, and these will probably die out in a generation or two. Then the palaces are dreams of beauty, and will set every nerve of the would-be traveller in motion. They suggest a magnificence that must be seen to be fully realised. I am only sorry to think that the beautiful gift will be seen by so few of the



THE CZAR'S YACHT, "STANDART,"
Photo by West, Southsea.

general public, for it gives a better idea of the extent and wealth of the vast Indian Empire than could be given by six volumes of ordinary description. Moreover, the suggestions of Western culture and progress to be gathered from certain groups are at once significant and satisfactory, and are calculated to rouse a pang of patriotism, however transient, in the breast of the "Littlest" Engländer in the world.

Quite the best record of the Queen's reign issued so far is that published by the proprietors of the *Gentlewoman*. Unhappily, its shape is an awkward oblong, but that seems to have been necessitated by the ingenious device running down each page, illustrating every year of her reign. The story is divided into sections, touching every aspect of the period, and it is illustrated by a large number of prints old and new. As a supplement is given one of Walery's photographs, printed in colour on satin. The proprietors have sent this, framed, to every newspaper editor in the United Kingdom, and also to every Hospital, Convalescent Home, Orphanage, Home for Incurables, Deaf and Dumb, &c. The Queen, I am sure, would appreciate that more than any other tribute to her.

Nicholas II. has left our shores again for the benefit of France. By the way, I find that Nicholas I. did visit England after all, and, curiously enough, he also, like his present young namesake, came at a moment when the state of Turkey was rendering uneasy the rulers of Europe. Her Majesty cannot have preserved a very pleasant recollection of that Imperial visit, for the English Court was given only a few days' notice of the Czar's coming, and an enormous prestige—which was not



HELIGOLAND CHILDREN.
Photo by Friederichs, Heligoland.

dissipated by the appearance and behaviour of the mighty Nicholas—hung in those days round the Czar. The Emperor stayed in England only a week, during which time he was the guest of the Queen and Prince Albert at Buckingham Palace. He was attended by a large suite, and left such splendid "vails" for the royal servants that his munificence has remained a legend to this day. So horrified was the Prince Consort when he heard of the Czar's extravagance in this respect, that he drew up, greatly to the annoyance of those most interested, a careful scale of "tips" for the benefit of foreign guests; but this did not prevent Napoleon III. acting in very much the same fashion as his Russian predecessor when he stayed at Windsor some ten years later.

The Church of St. Nicholas, at Bari, where Princess Hélène of Montenegro is to be converted to the Roman Catholic faith, is notable for various reasons. Besides its being the revered shrine of the patron saint alike of Russia and of sailors, it bears the name of one of the figures in the famous "Ansidei Madonna" of Raphael, which was bought by the National Gallery from the Duke of Marlborough for the stupendous price of £70,000. In this celebrated picture John the Baptist and Nicholas of Bari are placed respectively, by way of "complementary contrast," so to speak, on each side of the Mother and Child.

Above is a pleasant reminder of Heligoland, once a corner of the British Empire. They are little Heligolanders, surprisingly like English youngsters, and, apparently, not desolate because they are no longer subjects of the Queen. When Lord Salisbury gave up this island to Germany, we acquired in exchange the protectorate of Zanzibar, where we have lately had to bring a refractory Sultan's palace about his ears with shot and shell. Zanzibar is troublesome, but it is stable—that is to say, there is no chance of our protectorate disappearing with the island of Zanzibar. Heligoland, it is said, is gradually sinking, and may eventually vanish. If that should ever happen, we shall have the best of the bargain, but I fancy there will be several generations of flaxen-haired children on the island before this part of the German Empire dissolves into the ocean.

The Princess Cristoforo Palaeologu Nicephoru Comnenu, President of the Ladies' Cretan Relief Committee, represents a family beside which the lines of the reigning monarchs in Europe are of mere mushroom growth. She is the direct heir to the Byzantine throne, and unites in herself the claims of all the dynasties who from the time of Constantine the Great till the fall of Constantinople occupied the throne of the Eastern Cæsars. As her names indicate, her Highness inherits the blood of the Palaeologi, the Nicephori, and the Comneni, while in addition



A PRINCESS OF CRETE.
Photo by Naudin, Kensington.

to these she traces her descent from the families of Ducas, Ange, Lascaris, Vatace, Gattilusio, Giustiniani, and De Bouillon. Through the marriage of Eudisia Jacita with Euforbena Katakalone Ambusto (son of the Emperor Nicephorus Katakalone Ambusto Botiniates) the Princess traces her line back to Constantine. The family of Katakalone-Nicephorus assumed the surname of Di Cristoforo in 1448, while in exile, on Prince Demetrius building a church in Lower Armenia to St. Christopher, from whom they claimed descent. In 1540 Emanuele di Cristoforo came to Malta with the Grand Master L'Isle Adam, and in the documents of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem the family were acknowledged as Imperial Princes.

The pedigree of the Princess is verified by the Archives of Constantinople, now at Rome, and from the Archives of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem at Malta, and its authenticity is attested by the Seal of the Chancery at Malta. Her claims to be placed on the throne of her ancestors afford a simple solution of the vexed question, Who is to succeed the Sultan?—while the fact that her Highness was born in Malta, under British rule, and during her early life spent much time in England, would ensure that such a solution would be in the interests of Great Britain. At the present moment she has accepted the presidency of the Ladies' Relief Committee recently formed in London for the relief of the Cretans whose lands have been laid waste and homes destroyed by the Turks, and who, though they have gained independence, are now in desperate need, homeless, and almost naked, and ill-prepared to face the horrors of winter.

And here I give the portrait of a poor Armenian porter who has fallen a victim to the Unspeakable Turk.

A new Joan of Arc has arisen in Northern Mexico. She is a Yaqui—in other words, a descendant of the Aztecs, and considers herself divinely appointed to rouse the Indians in a crusade against the Mexican Government. "Santa Teresa," as she is universally called by her own people, is credited with working miracles; and, like her French prototype, declares herself the recipient of confidences from heavenly visitants. Already her "crusade" has been considered serious enough to be put down by regular troops, and at present the saint, her father, and a strange, evil-looking little dwarf, who always accompanies her on her filibustering expeditions, have taken refuge in Texas. It will be curious to see how the United States will deal with the problem.

True to its custom, the Exhibition at Earl's Court, now so near the end of a very successful season, has kept a sensation for every month of its existence. First, an all-night sitting in the hideous wheel—an erection which has the same effect upon me as the red rag on a bull or Shakspeare on Bernard Shaw—then Nirvana, then the Yoga, and now a little Cingalese baby, whose birth, on Sept. 17, threw all the maternal hearts on the premises into a flutter, and brought yet another merry boom, of which my astute friend Mr. Will Chapman was not slow to avail himself. The christening itself, with all native ceremonial, reminds me of the yet more famous one described in the music-hall ballad commencing—

It was down in the place Tipperary,
Where they're so airy,
And so contrary,
That they kicked up the divil's jigary
When they christened swate Danny the bhoy!

The baby was christened on Thursday according to the rites of Buddha. The proceedings took place in the Empress Theatre, in presence of Mr. Kiralfy, his staff, and a large attendance of the general public. The ceremony opened with a Cingalese march, followed by an ode and chorus, after which entered the devotional procession of Cingalese with mother and infant. The chief actors in the rite advanced under a silver canopy, attended by nurses and friends, the priests and sacred dancers leading the way, the little Earl's Court colony of Cingalese bringing up the rear. Arrived before the flower-decked altar, on which stood an image of Buddha, the procession halted. The mother, Carolina, attired in scarlet robe and snow-white shawl, seated herself before the altar, attended by a dusky sister carrying the child, and the rest of the Cingalese assumed picturesque attitudes in two long lines on either side. Two priests, gorgeously attired in cloth-of-gold, then ascended stools, one at each side of the sacred table, and began a weird chant in Sanskrit.

Thereafter the lady moved forward to a seat a few paces in advance of the altar, and took the babe in her arms. Another stool was set immediately behind her, upon which the chief priest took his stand and proceeded to the actual naming of the child, chanting and scattering rose-leaves from a golden bowl over the mother and daughter. At the climax of his litany, the holy man, in a loud voice, named the infant "London-Hami," which is, being interpreted, "London Girl." The Cingalese responded with delighted applause; the priest strewed yet more rose-leaves—"there's rosemary, that's for remembrance," came curiously to mind as the pretty rite proceeded—then he made a note

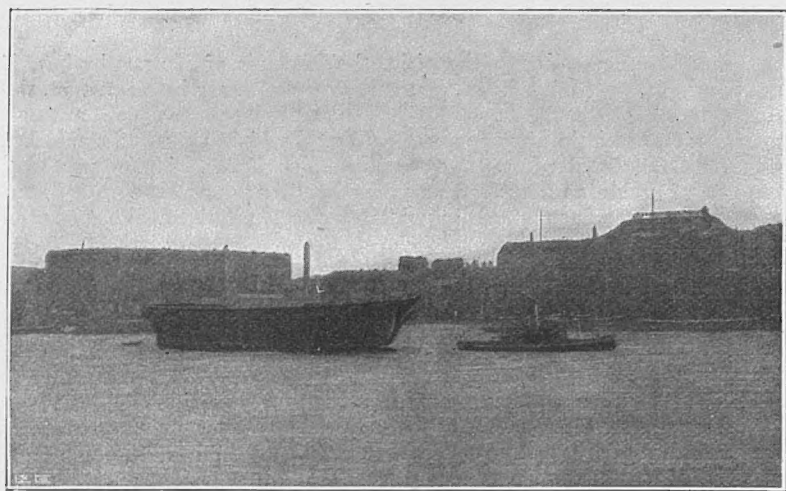


AN ARMENIAN PORTER WHO HAS BEEN KILLED.

on his tablets, and the chief actors made way for the sacred dancers, who, to the sound of barbaric music, executed strange measures of marvellous and bewildering accuracy—the Cingalese "Naming Day" dances. A chorus of praise succeeded, and then the procession was re-formed and proceeded to the Cingalese Palace, where Carolina and London-Hami held a public reception to receive congratulations. The rite lasted close on half an hour, and was certainly the most novel and interesting of all the exhibitions of Eastern life for which Earl's Court is famous. It was a pleasant object-lesson in comparative religion.

How very different is the poor old hulk herewith shown from the trim yacht of the Czar given on another page! And yet it has a unique interest, being the largest vessel (one thousand tons) that has ever passed up the Thames so far as Battersea, where Mr. Draper, the wood-merchant, is to break her up.

The system inaugurated some time ago by the Great Northern Railway Company, enabling agriculturists to send their produce direct to the consumers at greatly reduced rates, will be materially helped in



AN OLD HULK AT BATTERSEA.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

its operations by the publication of a list of farmers, market-gardeners, and others wishful to open up business of this nature. The Company supply copies of this handy book free of charge. The rates are exceedingly low, and are charged irrespective of distance. No boxes of a special make are necessary.

Folkestone had an exciting time during the great hurricane. On Sept. 25 a Norwegian barque, the *Agder*, from Frederikstadt to Southampton, went ashore at six in the morning, and an hour or so later another Norwegian, the *Baron Holberg*, from Laurvig to Dublin, shared the same fate. It certainly says much for the Coastguards, who did good work under Commander Smythies, that the whole of the two crews were saved. So violent was the gale that even the lifeboat was considerably damaged, and the boatmen, in making another attempt with a surf-boat, nearly lost their own lives without being able to reach the crew of the second ship. The townspeople were all out on the beach, and such a scene of excitement has not been seen in the pretty old town for many a long day. By the way, although there seems to be nothing but praise due for the conduct of the lifeboatsmen and Coastguards, there was a good deal of grumbling at the absence of any official representing the Lifeboat Committee. As it was, there seems to have been no one to take charge of the exhausted rescuers and rescued, for, as so often happens, the most fatiguing, if not the most dangerous, portion of the work of the lifeboatsmen was the last scene of all, when the shipwrecked crews had to be hauled up out of the water by the aid of ropes and life-buoys.

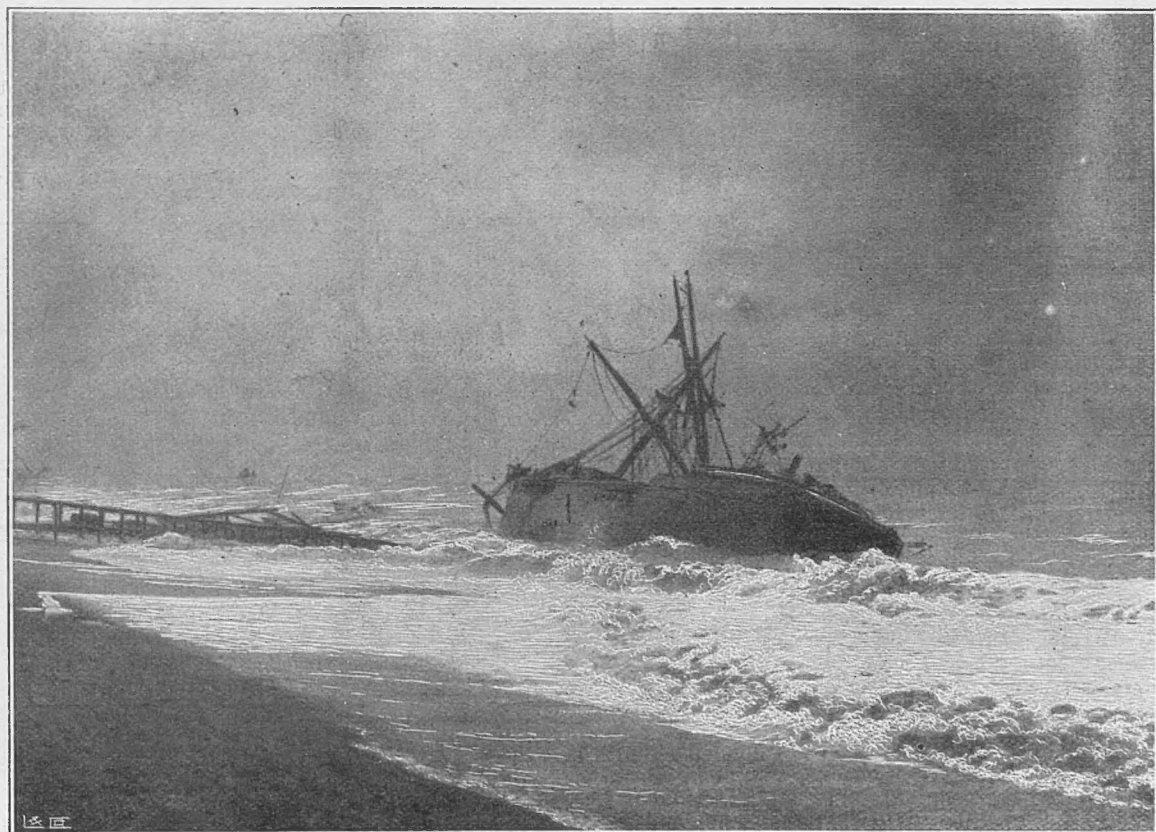
Elsewhere in this issue one of my representatives deals with girls in mines, and practically decides against any change. Yet a change has come over Belgium, where the terrible state of things described so eloquently by Zola in "*Germinal*" has apparently entirely come to an end. Every Flemish maiden is now obliged by law to learn the theory and practice of housewifery before she can take her place in a factory and coal-pit, or in a workshop of any kind. That this is so now was due to the then Belgian Minister of Industry, who returned from a tour through the mining regions of his country sadly scandalised by all he had seen. The mining population consisted quite as much of women as of men, and there the "New Woman" could, in one sense, have proved her case in grimmest earnest, for the pit-girls considered the fact

that they shared the work gave them more than an excuse for also indulging in the vices of their sweethearts and brothers. During the last eight or nine years, however, the influence of the housewifery classes has been felt in each home, and the countless gin-mills and beer-houses once generously patronised by miners of both sexes now stand comparatively empty.

A few weeks ago I mentioned that Rudyard Kipling was staying near Torquay. Now it so happened that a waggish individual talking to a local reporter noticed an acquaintance meandering along the Torquay Strand, an acquaintance who in appearance strikingly resembles the famous writer and is often mistaken for him. "You see that creature?" the wag remarked blandly, indicating his friend. "That is Rudyard Kipling. Why don't you interview him?" Within a minute the anxious copy-hunter was pursuing the bogus Rudyard, who, being a quick-witted gentleman with a keen sense of humour, and having, moreover, "been there before," quickly tumbled to the trick. "So you are Mr. Kipling?" the reporter said presently, eyeing him with a feeling of wonderment mingled with admiration. "I am, indeed," replied the jester; "what can I do for you?" An amusing conversation followed, and soon afterwards a long account of an interview with Mr. Rudyard Kipling appeared in a local journal. I hear that Kipling I. is puzzled. I hear that Kipling II. is amused. I hear that the editor is not puzzled. I hear that the reporter is not amused. I hear that the practical joker has thought it wise to quit Torquay.

Visitors to the Royal Aquarium will note with regret that Mr. E. A. du Plat has resigned his engagement at that house. During the past few years there has been a successful series of exhibitions at the Westminster house—a series that has given grist to the mill and instruction to visitors. Yachting, Coaching, Fishing, and now Crafts, are among the most popular of these shows, and all have been arranged by Mr. E. A. du Plat. He it was who brought over the lady cyclists from Paris to London, and, without going any further into the work he has done, it is right to recognise its merits. On this account it is the more regrettable that an unfortunate misunderstanding should have arisen between him and Mr. Ritchie. I do not propose to deal with the matter in any detail; I am content with expressing regret that trouble should have arisen. The Aquarium has had bad times in the past, and is only kept to the front by dint of sheer hard work. Consequently, trouble among the men at or round the helm is to be deplored. I understand that Mr. du Plat has gone back to his early love, journalism, and is "*Anthropos*," whose interesting articles on old churches help to keep up the standard of the *Daily Mail*. Mention of this paper reminds me of the persistent rumour now afloat that certain big dailies have been seriously contemplating a change of price from one penny to a halfpenny, in order to lessen the effect of the competition.

Just as the magnet attracts steel, so does Mr. D'Oyly Carte's management receive back old Gilbert and Sullivan hands. Mr. George Grossmith is returning to the Savoy for the new Mackenzie, Burnand, and Lehmann opera; and Miss Leonora Braham, another well-remembered favourite in the earlier Gilbert and Sullivan works, is now on tour with one of Mr. Carte's repertory companies.



ONE OF THE WRECKS AT FOLKESTONE.

Photo by B. E. Grey, Folkestone.

I call it "Sign of the Cross" Mountain, because Wilson Barrett keeps running in my head. But the geographers know it as Holy Cross Mountain. Of course, it is in America, in Colorado to wit. Though less lofty than many of the peaks standing within the radius of a



MOUNT OF THE HOLY CROSS.

thousand miles or so, it attracts attention almost immediately. The cross itself, visible at an almost incredibly long distance, owing partly to its great size, partly to the clearness of the atmosphere, is so admirably proportioned that many persons at first flatly refuse to believe that Nature and not man fashioned it. It is said that the height of the mountain has never been accurately ascertained, and the remarkable disparity in figures printed in the guide-books leads one to believe this. Words, however, fail to convey even the faintest idea of the awe-inspiring effect produced upon the majority of educated persons when they behold the mountain for the first time. The grandeur of the scenery surrounding it, the immensity of the landscape, at night the intense stillness—each and all serve to heighten the effect, though this effect has been known to engender a feeling of loneliness and depression for a time difficult to dispel.

Almost at the very time that three Archbishops (including Canterbury and Dublin) and eight Bishops were engaged in reopening the newly restored Cathedral of St. Brigid, at Kildare, another event, of a very different nature, but also interesting to Churchmen, was being celebrated at Mulgrave Castle, near Whitby, for on Sept. 22 the reverend owner of the beautiful seat commemorated his fiftieth birthday. The Marquis of Normanby,

who is one of the very few members of the Upper House belonging to the more active section of the Church Militant, possesses an interesting and original personality. When still Lord Mulgrave, he refused to stand for Whitby, although there could be no doubt that the election would practically consist of a walk-over, and, somewhat to the surprise of his friends, declared it to be his intention to take Orders. Accordingly, his twenty-fourth birthday found him established as curate in his native parish of Lythe. But he naturally wished to see something of more actual Church work, and during the eighteen years which he spent in Worsley, as Vicar of St. Mark's, he must have found his desire amply satisfied.

Since his succession to the title, the Marquis of Normanby has, if anything, increased his activities, for, always keenly interested in the life and education of boys, he has not hesitated to open a small preparatory school in his own ancestral home, which, modelled somewhat on the public school "house" system, enables Lord Normanby to play the part of guide, philosopher, and friend to his young charges without the perpetual fatigue and strain which too often fall to the lot of even the most eminent dominions.

Lord Normanby is much beloved by his tenantry and the good people of Whitby, and the proceedings which accompanied the celebration of his "jubilee" must have given the host of Mulgrave Castle sincere pleasure, the more so that every party in the country, social, political, and religious, was represented. The donors of the C-spring victoria must have borne in mind the fact that Lord Normanby more or less considers the world his parish, and that he has never allowed a long walk or stress of wind or weather to prevent him from doing that which he considered to be his duty.

Among those who gathered to do him honour were Lady Ellesmere, whose husband was the patron of Lord Normanby's first living, Lady Laura Hampton, the Hon. Wilfrid Egerton, Lieut.-Colonel Sir Fleetwood Edwards and Lady Edwards, and, as was only natural, an imposing number of the host's brethren of the cloth. Without being a fanatic on the subject, the reverend Marquis is himself a practical exponent of the theory that celibacy helps rather than hinders a clergyman in his duties. Although the fact does not play a very great part in his life, it should not be forgotten that Lord Normanby is a Canon of Windsor, the only piece of preferment he has owed the Crown.

After the ceremony at Kildare, the Archbishop of Dublin had a garden-party at his residence, Old Connaught, Bray, to meet the Archbishop of Canterbury. There was a very large attendance of guests, both lay and clerical, the élite of Dublin, of the suburbs, and of the surrounding districts being well represented. This was, perhaps, one of the largest—if not the largest—social gatherings that ever assembled at Old Connaught, which enjoys an eminent reputation for its hospitalities.

A native of Berkhamstead who is now at Bulawayo has written his father to tell of the delightful whiff of home he got by seeing in *The Sketch* the picture of the water-cresses which he recognised as being grown on his native heath. He adds—

The papers say Bulawayo is half-starved. You should just see how we live. I'll give you our menu for to-day. Breakfast—porridge, mutton-chops, jam, and small bread-cakes fried in lard, called "Fah-cookies," cocoa and coffee; dinner—roast leg of mutton, cold ham, sweets, damson-pie and custard, and cheese; tea—cold mutton and ham, apricot-tart. Tea at each meal. So you see we are not quite starved yet.

Hon. Wilfrid Egerton.

Lady Laura Hampton. Sir Fleetwood Edwards.
Countess of Ellesmere. Lord Normanby. Lady Edwards.

THE CELEBRATION OF LORD NORMANBY'S FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY.

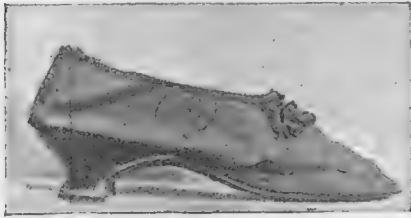
Photo by Watson, Lythe.



THE ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY AND DUBLIN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHANCELLOR, DUBLIN.

What would a modern *élégante* think of being obliged to wear Princess Pauline Borghese's shoe? And yet there is no doubt that Napoleon Buonaparte's lovely sister could have given points to Venus herself in the matter of plastic loveliness. Probably, however, the Princess was considered greatly daring in her own circle for wearing such frivolous-looking footgear, for those were the days of Greek sandals and arched insteps, and everything in the shape of a high heel was utterly tabooed—the more so perhaps because it recalled the pre-Revolutionary era.



SHOE OF PRINCESS PAULINE BORGHESE.

There is in the British Embassy at Paris a very fine piece of statuary, often taken by the simple-minded English residents in the Gay City to be an exceptionally attractive antique. As is well known to art-lovers, Princess Pauline posed for the statue in question, and so doing uttered the only saying of hers ever recorded for posterity, "Mais il y a du feu," in answer to a remark made anent the skimpy nature of her vesture.

Speaking of slippers, I may mention the story of an American slipper, a certain "little red shoe," which recently made a very roundabout and romantic journey before returning to its owner, a Southern belle, who, like Mr. James's immortal heroine, rejoices in the name of Daisy. A postage-stamp has ere now found its way round the world with nothing on but the address written on the reverse side of itself; but it remained for a cute American cashier to try winning the heart of his sweetheart by sending her little slipper to make a tour of the Union. The young man attached the shoe on to a large receipt-book, adding a label on which was written, "I am the property of a very pretty young lady, so tie a message to me for her"; and certainly some extraordinary messages were tied on the slipper before it finally returned to its rightful owner. Perhaps the best was that signed by an Eastern beau—"Don't let this slipper get to Chicago; they have no use for this size there," while stately Boston sent as its contribution, "Trilby is not doing business here at present!"

Here is the William French memorial for St. Pancras Cemetery, East Finchley—built by Cuthworth and Son, Pentonville Road—erected to commemorate the heroic attempt which this man made to save his master's dog in one of the deep Parliament Hill ponds. The dog struggled to the land and was saved, but the rescuer was drowned. Mr. G. R. Sims, with characteristic generosity, had him interred at Finchley, and, with the assistance of a liberal subscription-list, he has been able to place this monument over his grave, and with the surplus he hopes to erect a national dogs' drinking-fountain. The County Council, the builders, and all parties concerned, have been most liberal in seconding the efforts of Mr. Sims in the praiseworthy work of commemorating the noble act of self-sacrifice on the part of poor William French.

Apropos of Mrs. Cowden-Clarke's biography, noticed elsewhere in this issue, a correspondent sends me a note on her home near Genoa. Beside the huge lobster-coloured church of Carignano, away from the clatter of the stone-paved streets and the swarming alleys leading to the Bourse, stands the retired Villa Novello in a superb position. Out of its drawing-room windows—made of large, undivided sheets of plate-glass, so that no divisional frame interrupts the view—one gazes over the green-mounded battery below on to the sparkling blue waters of the tideless Mediterranean, and away to the right the busy harbour culminates in the imposing guardian lighthouse. Only a few years ago a charming garden encircled the house, but, alas! bit by bit this has been ruthlessly appropriated by a cold-blooded Municipio, and where were, yesterday, tree-encircled lawns now stretches a white, sun-parched boulevard, which few required and no one uses.



THE WILLIAM FRENCH MEMORIAL.

Photo by Full, Baker Street, W.

In such a spot may be found Mrs. Cowden-Clarke, brimming over with spirits, full of amusing conversation, and busy from morn till night with her writing and correspondence. A hearty welcome ever awaits her visitors, and musicians of note passing through the City of Palaces are sure to be found paying their respects to the sister of Clara Novello and daughter of the founder of the great music-publishing firm of the same name.

Leading off a large, cheerful landing, whose walls are portrait-laden, opens the before-mentioned drawing-room, full of reminiscences of England, and hot with the powerful Italian sun. Here stand two grand pianos, whose strains should charm the ear of the sentry as he paces the adjacent battery through his monotonous hours of duty, and which must have been heard by chance by Lucas Malet, and enshrined by her in "Colonel Enderby's Wife." Should you ask her, Mrs. Cowden-Clarke will show you her collection of locks of hair cut from the heads of various noted personages, and many other souvenirs given her by her well-known friends of a bygone day. Then may come, in the frescoed dining-chamber, the glass of native wine, the slice of *pane dolce* or Genoese cake, and pleasant wishes to accompany one to the low green omnibus which bears one through the Acqua Sola Gardens back to the noisy town.

It does not often fall to a man still under the thirties to have an illustrated interview in the *Strand Magazine*, to be the "Celebrity at Home" of the *World*, and the guest at a great public dinner in the same month. But nothing more or less has been the lot of Kumar Shri Ranjitsinhji, who was splendidly dined at Cambridge last week. "Ranji," as the Prince is called by everybody, is the cricket hero of the season. A good lady to whom I shall have occasion to refer some day complains to me, in a letter accompanying her poetry, that people should give a shilling "to Dr. Grace instead of to a poet." Poor poet! For not only is the man in the street ready to lionise the batsman, but here, as at the feast to the Prince, the learned Master of Trinity, the Members of Parliament for the University, the great Grecian Jebb, and the Lord-Lieutenant and High Sheriff of the County came forth to do honour to "Ranji." All I have to say is that "Ranji" will do more to interest England in the Indian Empire than all the conferences and all the exhibitions in the world. He makes us feel the kinship of common subjects.



PRINCE RANJITSINHJI.

When Mr. Joseph Lyons was good enough to invite me to attend the opening of the Trocadero, which his go-ahead company has turned into a first-class restaurant, I gladly accepted. I wanted, in the first place, to see this Mr. Lyons, for his white-and-gold tea-shops had often caught my eye as they sprang up in unexpected corners of London. And then I wanted to see the Trocadero transformed. "The days of our youth!" sighed an elderly gentleman to a friend on Thursday, as he surveyed the brilliant scene. He was thinking of the days when the place was the Argyll Rooms, and if he personally hankered after the flesh-pots of Egypt and the 'fifties, I felt sure that, as the father of a family of youths (the *sotto voce* character of his sigh betokened domesticity), he was glad that the younger generation could no longer knock at the door of the old dancing-den.

Its traditions I am familiar enough with, but my age precluded me from a personal experience of the place in those days. It was as a music-hall that I first knew the "Troc." I remember it was there, in the reign of Sam Adams, that I first heard Mr. Gus Elen biograph Jack Jones, who "don't know where 'e are." There may be doubts as to Jack's theory of the philosophy of personal identity, but I am sure that if he saw the "Troc" to-day he would not know where he are. Even Mr. Chevalier, who became its lessee, as the Law Reports will only too vividly remind you, would find the change as wonderful as the transformation scene in a pantomime. The entrance-hall is a dream of marble, with a frieze which illustrates the Arthurian legend. Then there is a gorgeous restaurant and balcony, with a Louis XV. saloon adjoining, in both of which a great crowd of first-nighters dined in state. There is a grill-room, the same as in the House of Commons, so that you need not be out of pocket for elective expenses. Upstairs you come upon a ball-room and banqueting-hall, a reception-room, and others. You will get a vague idea of the complexity of a modern restaurant like this when I tell you that there are nineteen miles of pipe of one kind or another in the building, and not a yard of it is visible to the visitor. If Mr. Lyons is going to give you nightly as good a dinner as he gave me on Thursday, to say nothing of earls and barons, baronets and knights galore, I should say he will make what he calls "the 'new London' starting into life round and about Piccadilly Circus" hum merrily for some time to come.

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MRS. McDONALD.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.

Miss Sybil Arundale, whose pretty "Lullaby" and dance to her dolls is one of the features in the last act of "Lord Tom Noddy," at the Garrick, is one of the brightest of child-actresses, and, unlike most little professionals, is a jolly, bonnie girl of thirteen summers, fond of all sorts of games, still devoted to her dolls, a cricketer, an indefatigable cyclist, and the slave of a tiny Russian collie-dog. It seems hard to remember when the names of little Sybil and her pretty sister Grace were not favourites in the professional world, for it is now a good many years since she made her first appearance, under the guidance of Mr. Hermann Vezin, who thought so highly of her talents that he wrote a little part for her in "The Claimant" and called it Sunny Locks. However, her debut in London was made, a short time later, on the historic boards of old Drury Lane as a wax doll in the pantomime of "Humpty-Dumpty." Then, after appearing in "Dick Whittington," at the Olympic, she decided to adopt the Halls as her special line, and was at once secured by the Syndicate for their London houses, scoring in all sorts of songs and dances and as an imitator. She has a full, musical voice, which, though untrained, is well controlled and pleasantly used, and, being a very quick and graceful dancer, it is not to be wondered at that even the famous Cecchetti took the greatest pleasure in teaching her, and she is now as popular in drawing-rooms as she is with the public, for she is a quiet, unaffected child, and thoroughly enjoys all her work. Her present engagement is her first return to the legitimate stage since her music-hall successes, and she is quite delighted with her part and to have the advantage of playing with such artists as Little Tich and Miss Mabel Love, and wishes that she were old enough to understudy her pretty sister-dancer. In addition to her other gifts, Miss Sybil is a clever mandolinist and a water-colour artist of no mean achievements.



I am delighted to hear of the signal success made by Mr. John Hare at Birmingham in the part of Eccles in "Caste," his original character of Sam Gerridge, which he first sustained at the little old Prince of Wales's in April 1867, being now allotted to his son, Gilbert Hare. The other male personages in Robertson's play are at present embodied by Mr. Fred Kerr, as Captain Hawtree, and Mr. Frank Gillmore, as George D'Alroy. This most interesting revival of "Caste" has brought forth from the well-stored brain of a friend a remarkably good and also true story.

In one of the very earliest tours of Robertson's famous comedy, the representative of Gerridge, whose name, unfortunately, cannot for the moment be recalled, capped an unhappy accident by an exceedingly apropos bit of gag. In making his first entrance, he somehow broke his arm; and later on in the play, when Gerridge has to bring in the table, the actor had to carry it with his left arm and kick at the door for admission. Polly's exclamation, "Why don't you come in?" had for reply, "Can't; I have broken my arm," and this topical allusion was greeted with a round of sympathetic applause.

More Armenian dramas (I don't refer to the much-paragraphed Armenian opera) are in course of preparation. A particularly ambitious attempt is being made in the spectacular play called "For Faith and Freedom; or, The Sorrows of Armenia." Some of the leading effects of this drama will show the terrible massacre at Erzeroum and the destruction of the Armenian quarter in that city, together with a Turkish Divan, a torture-chamber, and the British Consulate. Certainly these provincial actor-dramatists are very keen in writing plays round the burning events of the moment, and their attention to "art and actuality" quite deserves the notice and commendation of *The Sketch*.



MISS SYBIL ARUNDALE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANA, STRAND.

“BOYS TOGETHER,” AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



FRANK VILLARS (MR. TERRISS), AND ETHEL WOOD (MISS MILLWARD).

The production of “Boys Together” at the Adelphi Theatre on Aug. 26 clearly demonstrated that in Mr. Haddon Chambers and Mr. Comyns Carr the Gattis had found collaborators of the highest order. For the latest Adelphi drama is certainly one of the most spirited and stirring of the many successful plays produced at the headquarters of melodrama. Fortunately for the run of the play, the interest of its picturesque Soudanese scenes has been increased tenfold since the first night by the recent fighting on the Nile and the successful occupation of Dongola. The leading members of what may nowadays be regarded as practically a “stock” company have seldom been provided with more telling rôles. Mr. William Terriss has never acted with more impressive force and sincerity than in the arduous part of the injured hero, Major Villars, and Mr. Abingdon’s latest addition to his portrait gallery of villains is very effective in its brutality. Miss Millward, Mr. Mackintosh, Mr. Harry Nicholls, and the other players have all been well fitted by the authors, the full cast being still as follows—

Frank Villars	Mr. WILLIAM TERRISS.
Hugo Forsyth	Mr. W. L. ABINGDON.
The Earl of Harpenden ...	Mr. C. W. SOMERSET.
Tom Wrake	Mr. J. D. BEVERIDGE.
Viscount Ayot	Mr. HARRY NICHOLLS.
Rudolph Klein	Mr. MACKINTOSH.
Hassan	Mr. LUIGI LABLACHE.
Colonel Lannock	Mr. OSCAR ADYE.
The Hon. Fred Cholmondeley	Mr. JAMES LINDSAY.
Captain Lister	Mr. E. COVINGTON.
Herbert Askew	Mr. ALBAN ATTWOOD.
Reginald Lane	Mr. J. W. MACDONALD.
Orderly	Mr. POLLARD.
Peters	Mr. WEBB DARLEIGH.
Gurney	Mr. J. COLE.
Ginger Smith	Mr. ALFRED PHILLIPS.
Agha Fula	Mr. CYRIL MELTON.
Arab Messenger	Mr. CALER PORTER.
Ethel Wood	MISS MILLWARD.
Lady Ayot	MISS ALICE KINGSLEY.
Mrs. Babbage	MISS KATE KEARNEY.
Mariam	MISS NESBITT.



ETHEL WOOD, FRANK VILLARS, AND HUGO FORSYTH (MR. ABINGDON).



THE TWO VILLAINS, RUDOLPH KLEIN (MR. MACKINTOSH), AND HUGO FORSYTH (MR. ABINGDON).



FRANK VILLARS AND HIS BROTHER OFFICERS.



HUGO FORSYTH AND HIS VILLAGE ASSOCIATES.



HUGO FORSYTH, FRANK VILLARS, AND ETHEL WOOD.

The woman intervenes.



VISCOUNT AYOT (MR. HARRY NICHOLLS), AND HIS WIFE
(MISS ALICE KINGSLEY).



MRS. DABBAGE (MISS KATE KEARNEY), AND THE EARL OF
HARPENDEN (MR. SOMERSET).



RUDOLPH KLEIN, HUGO FORSYTH, MARIAM (MISS NESBITT), FRANK VILLARS, AND HASSAN (MR. LABLACHE).

Villars intercedes for the wife of Agha Fula.

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The brow, or, as they pronounce it, the "brew," is covered in, so that they are protected from inclement weather, and a finer-made or more muscular, healthy, and happy-looking set of girls it would be hard to find. They have a respectable married man over them, who, with two or three other men, runs the tubs off the cage, and who is responsible for their work and good conduct. On "pay-days" they knock off work earlier than the men, and go *en bloc* for their pay. I was informed, not only there, but at Haydock, Garswood, and other collieries I have visited, that the standard of morality among them was very high, and would compare favourably with that of the girls at other local industries, and that they were quite able to take care of themselves—indeed, there was no time during work-hours for any "skylarking."

With regard to their marriages, they were generally (and only naturally) among their own collier class. As President of the South Lancashire Needlework Guild, I felt particularly interested to hear from Mrs. Alfred Johnson, my Vice-President at Bickershaw, that several of the girls and their mothers were associates of the Guild. One of them allowed her picturesque costume to be exactly copied by Mrs. Johnson for several pit-brow-girl dolls, which found a ready sale at Lady Gerard's Stall at the Waifs and Strays Bazaar, held last April in St. George's Hall, Liverpool.

Some optimists have a sanguine idea that by removing these girls from the brows there will be a greater and more immediate supply of domestic servants; but a very slight knowledge of them would soon dispel such a prospect, for most of them, being accustomed to the short hours, regularity, and freedom of the pit-brow, and their dearly prized liberty after work-hours, would take a long time to get accustomed to the totally different kind of life they would of necessity have to lead in domestic service.

It is obvious that it would take some time for them to acquire the quietness and gentleness of handling things in a lady's house, even if they graduated from the most subordinate offices to an eventually higher position. Their physique, so splendidly suited to their present work, their grand, firm, swinging walk and muscular strength of leg and arm, is hardly suited to the handling and washing-up of delicate glass and china; and magnificently healthy mothers though they now make of our future soldiers, sailors, and men of England, neither voice nor footfall would be at present particularly desirable for a sick-room or nursery. Then, again, the very fair wages they get for their fifty-four hours' work weekly would be more acceptable to them than the miserable pittance most "generals" or under-servants get as a rule, not taking into consideration (to use their own expression) that "their work is never done," and allowing for board and lodging being free. No one can be more fully aware, from practical and painful experience, than myself what an ever-increasing difficulty there is, in Lancashire especially, to get good and experienced servants; but I am morally convinced, notwithstanding it all, that it would be a fatal policy, with a view to supply that deficiency, to remove the pit-brow girls from their work and vainly to imagine that the market would be glutted with "treasures"!

FIVE O'CLOCK TEA.

Saucers and insincerity;
Clatter of tongues and spoons;
Gossip and spiced asperity,
Atmosphere—good for swoons.
Move, if the swift dexterity
Known to the clown be thine.
That's what you see
At a five o'clock tea
Served in a social shrine.

This is the game Society
(Spelt with a big, big S)
Plays to dispel satiety,
Weariness dispossess.
Tannical insobriety
Varies the dreary round,
Therefore you roam
To a crammed At Home.
Carefully groomed or gowned.

"Awfully glad to see you!"
"Awfully good to come!"
The rest, as the damsels tea you,
Is lost in the 'wildering hum.
Nobody comes to free you
Of saucer and spoon and cup;
So you stand and smile
In a vacant style,
And long to be out and up.

Give me an A.B.C. shop,
Lead me to Lockhart's bowers;
Take me to any tea-shop
Scorned by the social powers.
Rather, I swear by Æsop,
I'd munch at a penny bun,
Than the cakes and gush
Of a five o'clock crush
Where a hard day's work is done

"HOW JAN PEARSE CAME TO ZEE THE GIRT HOUSE."

A WEST COUNTRY REMINISCENCE.

What, didn't I iver tell 'ee how I come to zee the girt house? Yew doan't zay zo? 'Twas when I was a-courtin' Hannah Yeo, who was one of the maidens up to the old Zquire's.

Zays Hannah to me, one Zunday afternoon, as we was a-walkin' down Coombe Lane, wi' my right arm round about her waist, and her left arm round about mine, leastways, var as 'twould go—not gallyin' one another wi' tew much talk, but quiet like, as is the custom of them as goes a-courtin' in our parts: zays Hannah to me all of a sudden like, zo sudden that I was minded, bein' a retirin' zort o' man, to vall down into the ditch, I was that zhook—"Jan," zays zhe, "I'll niver go to church along o' yew, however much yew may plague me wi' your pressin' zentences" (I hadn't zo much as give vorth a word vor a good half-hour) "till yew can put me into a house like a lady." "Like a lady!" zays I. "Iss fay," zays zhe. "Yew doan't mane a house like Zquire's?" zays I. "Nót zo girt," zays zhe; "but I must be zurrounded by the 'menities of an advanced zivilization." "Lor 'a' mussy!" zays I. "What ever do yew mane?" "Well," zays zhe, "I heard Miss Chartie zay zo when they was a-talkin' about her beau, and how they was to live when they was wed, and I wonder yew zhould be zo vulish as to ask what I mane. Yew must be downright mazed." "Dang me!" zays I, but 'twas down in my innards, "if she knowed what her maned herself." Outwardly, in manner of zpakin', I zays to Hannah, "Now if yew was to let me come up to the girt house, and just zee how 'ee looks midst them 'menities of zivilization, I might draaw in some notion of what you expec's me to pervide. "You'm growin' powerful darin', Jan," zays zhe. "Well, if your zoul can du wi'out vood on Zunday mornin', and yew doan't mind chancin' a gallyin' vrom pa'son, yew can come up when the volks be at church, and I'll show 'ee what I mane. Not that I wants 'zactly what yew'll zee, but zomethin' like it, and that I tell 'ee." Zo, when Zunday mornin' comes round, and I'd put on my best breeches, and the bleu coat with brase buttons that was feyther's, and a bird's-eye neckercher that went twice round the course, as the zayin' is, I just gives the church and pa'son the go-by, and slips up to the girt house. Hannah was a-waitin' vor me round by the ztables, and her zmuggled me in at the back door, through a long-draawn passage like the tunnle o' the new railway, into the girt hall, wi' a pavin' vor all the world the zame as the Lunnon measurin' man put down in our chancel; then through a door wi' a curtain draa'ed all across un into the big dra'ing-room. "Mussy me!" zays I, as my 'veet went squelchin' into zumat as zoft as clotted crame; "yew never expec's a carpet in our cottage, Hannah, that veels as though yew was walkin' on rotted turmuts, do 'ee?—and chairs and sofas." I zays, "wi' legs like the golden caalf? Yew doan't want zumat like this?" I zays, as I zat down on a zquabbèd, puffy-lookin' thing, where dree volks could zit all to once, like the cheribims under our vront, and nary a one o' 'em be comfortable like wi' either o' t'others. It was that jumpy, tew, that when I zat down heavy like I was well-nigh zhot right off again. And then the picturs a-hangin' on a golden rod, all in vrames of zolid gold!—picturs as made a modest man go red from his hobnails to his hair, they was that naked! 'The wust of 'em all, which had the name of "Zuzannah" draa'ed out in print underneath un, they had had the decency to hang up in a dark corner. "Zuzannah's" 'menities of zivilization was just nothin', and minded me o' what Zquire hisself zaid as er drove through Kerswell 'pike, and asked where old Zally had gone. "Please, zur, they've give her a shift," zays the new keeper. "And a danged useful thing tew, sometimes," zays Zquire, wi' a girt laafe; and useful, thinks I, 'twould ha' been for "Zuzannah." And then the starchery, as Hannah called the gashly white rigures a-standin' about, mindin' nothin', on marble columns! "'Twas a mussival providence, Hannah," I zays, "that made the vig-tree to flourish down in Devon."

As to the chaney, 'twould have filled a score o' kitchen dressers, wi' animals as Noah could never 'a' dreamed on. Why, one of 'em in a back-yard up tew Plymouth Town would have vairy vrighted every convict as ever got loose up tew Dartmoor. And the glasses with the zun on 'em! A-zhinin' and a-dartin' blue, red, and yellow for all the world like the "Revelations." And across one corner of the room there was a misshaped thing on your legs, like a table a-twist with the rheumatiz, and, all along ces broadest end, hundreds and thousands of girt black and white teeth, and you gi'ed un a laish and 'ee yowled like a bulldog.

"Well, Hannah," zays I, when us got into the stable-yard again and I had washed down zum o' the wonderment with a draught o' Zquire's zider and mouthed a piece o' currandy keake, "do 'ee mane," zays I, "to wait a maid till 'ee gets all thicky there?"

"No, yew girt guckoo!" zays zhe; "I told 'ee zo avore; but I'll come to no cottage wi' only a brick vloer and naught humanisin' about un, as Miss Chartie zays."

Zo the end o' it is that Hannah and I has a carpet like Zolomon in his glory, and hangin' around the walls, on little brase hooks and little brase nails, is picturs o' Jan the Baptist, and the Marys to the Zepulchre, and the Twelve 'Postles, all draa'ed out as natchral as ever you zee.

W. C. F.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

Two portraits in very different manners are reproduced this week in these pages, one by Mr. W. Llewellyn of Mrs. Cosmo Bevan, the other by Mr. W. R. Symonds of "Archie, son of F. C. Daukes, Esq." The first is a somewhat austere and simple effect—simple, that is, without any blankness, somewhat straight in its line, but beautiful in a certain



MRS. COSMO BEVAN.—W. LLEWELLYN.

dignity and strength of pose. The second is frankly luxurious, extremely pretty. The boy, dressed with a charming attention to detail, reclines in a richly fashioned chair, his head resting against a soft cushion. Behind is a wealth of full drapery. The picture has a singular elegance of composition, and oddly reminds one of the work of Sir Thomas Lawrence.

The Christmas number of the *Art Journal*, known as "The Art Annual for 1896," will have for its subject the life and works of Mr. Marcus Stone, R.A. It is the custom of the *Art Journal* to issue these annual circulars in connection with certain artists of the time, and to the popular view nothing could be more appropriately interesting than an account of Mr. Marcus Stone. The reproductions of the chief of the artist's pictures will be included in the issue, embracing his contributions to the recent exhibitions of the Royal Academy, and almost all his best-known subjects, making a collection of sixty illustrations in all. Four large plates will be separately printed, namely, "A Prior Attachment," which was bought by the Chantrey trustees; "In Love"; "A Sailor's Sweetheart," exhibited last year at the Royal Academy; and "Edward II. and Piers Gaveston." The text will be written by Mr. Alfred Lys Baldry, and the usual chapter devoted to the house and studio of the artist will form a sort of appendix. Nothing, in a word, could be more popular as an idea, and it is not likely that the actual production will fail in this respect.

The October number of the *Magazine of Art* has for its frontispiece an original etching by William Bradley entitled

"Cader Idris from the Dolgelly Road." It is a strong and impressive piece of work, characteristic and vigorous. The cloud-capped mountains and the squat trees fall into admirable contrast, and there is no passage in the whole but is firm and virile. Mr. Lewis F. Day contributes a timely and informative paper on the work of South Kensington, and the illustrations throughout are excellent. Attention may also be called to an admirable reproduction of Meissonier called "The Halt," which could not easily be bettered, and which also appears in this number.

The current number of *Pears' Pictorial* contains a spirited account of the national and naval songs by Dibdin and others, with descriptive accounts of naval life at the beginning of this century. What is even more interesting, the narrative is accompanied by some three dozen reproductions of drawings by George and Isaac Cruikshank, together with an account of the early associations of that remarkable family with the Naval Service. These illustrations, which are excellent in their way, have the full Cruikshank flavour which is familiar to and loved by all who are devoted to the early editions of Dickens. The time for the great Cruikshank enthusiasm has, perhaps, passed by; the caricature has, it may be, become too deeply emphasised to those who have no acquaintance with the originals; still, the humour remains, and that can be enjoyed at any time and by anybody save the incontrovertibly superior person.

Mr. Heinemann's autumn announcements contain much that is interesting to art and artists. Last week reference was made in this place to his new book on Meissonier, translated from the French of Vallery C. O. Gréard by Lady Mary Loyd and Miss Florence Simmonds, which should have something of a classic value. Besides this, a series of essays on the history of art, entitled "Masterpieces of Greek Sculpture," by Adolf Furtwängler, which contains nineteen full-page and two hundred text illustrations, is being issued from the same house; seventeen of Rembrandt's masterpieces from the collection of his pictures in the Cassel Gallery reproduced in photogravure by the Berlin Photographic Company also make their appearance under the same auspices; and Ricci's "Life of Correggio" is announced as well, in the excellent company of Emile Michel's "Life of Rembrandt." Both these last-mentioned works, it may be added, have been translated by the agile and industrious pen of that clever lady Miss Florence Simmonds.



ARCHIE, SON OF MR. F. C. DAUKES.—W. R. SYMONDS.

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MISS LOTTIE COLLINS AT THE PALACE THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HANA, STRAND.

THE HYBRID ZEBRA EXPERIMENT.

The interesting experiments of Professor Cossar Ewart, of Edinburgh, in breeding a hybrid from a Burchell Zebra and a mare have been already dealt with in these pages. Herewith is a picture of a result of the experiment—to wit, the pretty little hybrid when it was twenty-eight days old. A comparison of it with its parents is instructive. It will be seen that the hybrid zebra is even more banded than the sire, the stripes on the body, singularly enough, being more numerous than in the Burchell Zebra, and resembling to a great extent those of the animal which was formerly known as the Common Zebra, now much less abundant than the Burchell. The scientific importance of these experiments was spoken of at length in our last article; the practical bearing has to be considered. Burchell Zebras have been used to some considerable extent in South Africa, having been driven in Cape carts and in the ten-horse coaches in the Transvaal. In this country they have also been employed, and may occasionally be seen in the West-End. The Hon. Walter Rothschild has been driving a four-in-hand team consisting of three Burchells and a pony. But the value of the mules or hybrids bred from the zebra is probably of the highest importance. Among those who have studied the subject of mule-breeding, and whose evidence will be found at length in Tegetmeier and Sutherland's work on "Horses, Zebras, and Mules," the Burchell Zebra is regarded as the wild equine which will produce the most valuable mules when mated to a mare, inasmuch as it is the most equine and least asinine of all the zebras.

The little hybrid whose photograph is given is most promising in its character. It is better in its quarters, shorter in its ears, and more foal-like in its form than a mule bred from an ordinary donkey, and altogether promises to be a most useful animal.

The value of mules is not properly appreciated in this country. They work harder, are infinitely more enduring, cost less to keep, and are at least double as long-lived as the horse. In every military campaign thousands have to be bought by our Government. Three thousand mules were employed as transport animals in the subjugation of Chitral. There is in India a department organised for the breeding of mules for the Indian Army. These are bought at great expense, mainly in Italy. Now it is suggested that the Burchell Zebra should be employed instead of the domestic ass for the purpose of breeding these animals, and hence the very great importance that attaches to the foal represented, which has been bred by Professor Ewart. There is no doubt of the fertility of the two animals, but hitherto it has been the Burchell Zebra mare which has been mated with the horse, the result being the production not of what

are ordinarily known as mules, but as hinnies or jennets. It is singular that in almost every other civilised country mules are appreciated much more highly than they are in England. In America they are employed in agricultural work to a much greater extent than horses, and in the last return made the value of the agricultural mules was placed higher per head than that of the horses. In Poitou the mule-breeding industry is the great support of the country, many thousand mares being employed for that purpose. The value of the Spanish mule is well known. By the English, mules are rarely used except in a campaign. Those bought

by the Government and no longer required are occasionally brought to this country and sold. A very interesting anecdote is told by the authors of the book above mentioned respecting the excessive endurance and value of mules as draught animals. Some years ago a number sold by the Government were bought by the South London Tramways Company. Though fitted for the Army, they were too small for the purpose to which they were put, and three of them had to be placed in each tram to do the work of two larger horses. The writer went to see these animals after they had been working for twelve years, and found two teams in active service and good health. He then asked to see any horses that had been bought at the same time, and met with the reply, "Horses, sir? No horses last with us more than three years." No more convincing argument of the endurance and utility of hybrid animals could be adduced. If the zebra-mules, as may be anticipated, turn out a success, and are marked like the object of the photo, they will form a very ornamental as well as useful addition to our equine animals.

Speaking of zebras, a curious case in New York may be recalled. A certain gentleman,

styling himself "Professor" Oscar R. Gleason, and following the rather exciting "profession" of a horse-tamer, announced an exhibition in Madison Square Garden, in which he undertook to tame a wild man-killing zebra from the Zoological Garden in Cincinnati. There was independent evidence to show that the animal deserved its evil reputation, and had even more than an ordinary share of the viciousness that characterises its kind. It was brought within the ring, safely boxed up in a cage, before a large and expectant crowd of spectators. The "Professor" thereupon informed his audience that every animal had an understanding of sound that made it amenable to words of command. But at the beginning of operations the "Professor" did not rely upon this power of understanding, but proceeded to direct his attendants to lasso the zebra, and hitch ropes to his legs. The beast struggled gamely at first, and made the best of his opportunities, but had at last to submit to overpowering force. After a deal of struggling, he was thrown, haltered, and bridled. Within an hour from the start the "Professor" led him round the ring, subdued more by physical than by moral persuasion.

THE BABY, *at*. TWENTY DAYS.

Photo by Charles Reid, Wistow.



THE FATHER (ROMULUS).

Photo by Swan Watson, Edinburgh.

THE MOTHER (MULATTO) AND THE BABY, *at*. EIGHT DAYS.

Photo by Swan Watson, Edinburgh.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



BROWN: Is there anyone in the regiment of the name of Macpherson?

SENTINEL: Mon! there's two hundred and fifty-five Macphersons in the regiment.

BROWN: Ah! but my friend is Sandy Macpherson.

SENTINEL: There's a hundred and twenty-two Sandy Macphersons in the regiment.

BROWN: But the Sandy Macpherson I want to see has red hair.

SENTINEL: There's forty-seven Sandy Macphersons with red hair.

BROWN: Well—er—I hardly like to mention it, but the Macpherson I want to see has got the—er—er—the itch.

SENTINEL: A' the Macphersons have got the itch!



HARD TO TELL.

"You look sad, Percy."

"Yes, dear boy. Just met Bounder and his wife cycling, and waised my hat to the wife and said 'How do, old man?' to Bounder."

"Well?"

"But I'm afwaid I've mixed 'em."



TAKING HER MEASURE.

*The Johnnies come nightly to worship the dance
Of the beautiful Princess of Pleasure ;
But she isn't Romance, as you see by a glance
At the shoemaker taking her measure.*

FRENCH CYCLES AND ENGLISH CAPITAL.

English visitors personally conducted to the French cycle tracks—particularly to the Vélodrome of the Seine and the neighbouring “Buffalo”—are tolerably certain to have made the acquaintance of two



MONS. A. CLÉMENT.

gentlemen who have been instrumental in bringing cycling in France to its present immense and ever-increasing popularity. One is M. Clément, the other M. Darracq; and both are at the head of the most important cycle manufactories in the country. M. Clément has gained worldwide celebrity as the pioneer of the French cycle industry, and to him the Parisians owe that beautiful *piste* at Levallois-Perret which is known to all wheelmen and wheelwomen as the Vélodrome of the Seine. This race-track, which on Sundays is thronged by thousands of spectators, whose excitement exceeds that of

the million on our Derby Day, was constructed by M. Clément on his own ground, and very shortly there will rise close by another imposing cycle and chain manufactory, supplementary to the works in the Rue Brunel, Paris, and those at Tulle, in the department of Corrèze.

The names of Clément and Darracq are very much to the front just now, for the enterprises which they direct are, together with the important French Humber cycle business, about to be amalgamated under the general title of Clément, Gladiator, and Humber (France), Limited. This is one of the very few industrial undertakings which appeal alike to the investors of both countries, who will find, when they come to peruse the full details given in the prospectus, that they are invited to “go in for” an enterprise so commercially strong that no one can gainsay its *bona fides*. This will be apparent when it is made known that the annual profits of two of the three businesses—those, namely, of Clément and the Gladiator—are not far short of £100,000, to say nothing of the value of their four manufactories, superb machinery and tools, all of the newest and most perfect pattern, goodwill, stock, orders in hand and arranged for, &c. Without reckoning “Humbers,” the profits of Clément et Cie. and the Gladiator Company are, we believe, sufficient to guarantee dividends of 6 and 9 per cent. on the two classes of shares into which the capital (nearly a million sterling) is divided.

The amalgamated trio of businesses will have a practical monopoly of the cycle and chain trades on the other side of the Channel, even as

the Dunlop Pneumatic Tyre Company has secured a monopoly for its specialty throughout France. Never in the history of the cycle trade has there been so powerful a combination as that now effected, nor could a better moment for the amalgamation have been found. As in our own country so in France—the cycle trade is literally on the crest of the wave, and there is not the slightest reason to indulge in any but cheery predictions of what the future is likely to bring forth. Those two statistical articles recently published by the *Times* furnish the most convincing proofs of the stability of the cycle manufacture. It is a little strange that the only quarter from which serious competition with English and French makers is likely—or, indeed, possible—to come is the United States. In France, if we are rightly informed, this American raid will probably be checked by the imposition of heavier import duties, so that the French makers are not greatly perturbed by the threats of Yankee opposition. Certainly those cyclists must be few in number who have met with the American machine which they would choose in preference to a Humber, a Clément, or a Gladiator. In justice to our American friends, however, it must be said that the cycle-making machinery and tools which they manufacture are appreciated in France, and by none more highly than by M. Clément, whose *fidus Achates*, M. Patte, was so good as to give us much valuable information in the course of a visit recently paid to the completely equipped manufactory



GLADIATOR CYCLE COMPANY'S WORKS.—THE MACHINE-SHOP.

of Clément et Cie., in the Rue Brunel. Indeed, the indefatigable M. Clément, fully resolved upon keeping abreast of his competitors, frequently takes a trip across the Atlantic, to return with the latest “wrinkle” obtainable.

The “Gladiator” mark belonged in 1891 to MM. J. Aucoc and Darracq, who turned it over to the present company in 1894. The factories are at Pré St. Gervais (near Paris) and Nantes, and so thoroughly excellent is the installation at the first-mentioned place that it has gained the enviable and flattering title of “the model works.” Although both factories have been enlarged more than once, and the number of employes at each doubled, the Gladiator Company has never been able to complete its orders, but has invariably been from a thousand to fifteen hundred machines in arrear, and this despite the skill and energy of M. Darracq, who is seldom absent from the innumerable contests at the vélodromes, and who sent over that marvellous pacing team for the chain matches at Catford last June. “Gladiators” enjoy the distinction of holding nearly every world's record, and are ridden by Huret, Michael, Tom Linton, Baugé, Platt-Betts, Bouhours, and many another famous wheelman.

There is a remarkable fact to note as regards “Humbers”—that the turnover of the parent company and its various “extensions” last year reached the phenomenal total of five million and a-half francs, equivalent to £282,000.



CYCLE WORKS OF CLÉMENT ET CIE.—THE PACKING-ROOM.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

AS WORLDLINGS DO.

BY FRANCES M. BROOKFIELD.

"What, you are in the drawing-room already, and it's not nine o'clock! I thought you dined at 8.15?"

"So we do, but we finished long ago. Dinner between married people isn't a long affair. It's only lovers who linger. James will be sorry to miss you. He's just gone out—to his club."

"I'm rather glad he's gone. I'm very early, I know. But forgive me, for I want you to tell me something before we go to the Embassy to-night. I'm sure you can—if you will."

"Good gracious! How alarming! What sort of information do you expect to get from an unlettered worldling like myself?"

"I hardly know how to begin. You will think there is no pride left in me. But, to dash at it. You know I've not been long in London, and I have noticed—yes, it is quite clear—I am not a success."

"Aren't you a success? I should never have guessed it. You always look splendid—and you are clever."

"Perhaps clever people are not in vogue this season!"

"To be sure, we can't always love *les neiges d'autan*."

"But, really, Mildred, you must see that, though I look well, I do not attract. You are kind enough to say I'm clever; I am just wise enough to see that I haven't, as some perhaps less clever women have, my 'circle of admirers.' No, humiliating as the confession is, nobody notices me. What is there wrong with me?"

"Oh, I know quite well. You are not wrong enough."

"I don't understand. What are you aiming at?"

"First of all, which is it you want, admirers or lovers?"

"Mildred! How coarse of you! I don't want either. I only wish not to be ignored."

"You must want one or the other."

"There you are wrong. Some of us merely want a little old-world politeness, a door opened with a bow, a compliment, a cloak put on. Nobody likes people to look over their heads and through them."

"You're a little mixed in your metaphors, but I think I follow you. Frankly, Betty, now we are upon the subject, I will own I am surprised that you haven't taken better."

"Oh, please don't talk as though I were yaccine or some new discovery."

"But I shall! For that is exactly what you are—a new discovery. You married before you were out. You nursed your Wilfred's father for years in the most exemplary fashion. No sooner did you get rid of him, arrange his wealth and your plans for enjoying yourselves, than your husband goes off to India, leaving you to a season in town—your first, mind you—innocently thinking, poor man, it was the best thing for you. In the country you had daily increased in goodness and beauty. Don't interrupt me—I know your life and your influence there. You were first and foremost. You thought you had only to come up here, be seen, and conquer. Ah, my child! You did not know your London, and in this big place you feel lonely and neglected. And I am disappointed with you, for I wanted you to shine—that I might bask in your reflected glory."

"But, Mildred, you mustn't think I'm hurt because men do not admire me. I'm vexed because women ignore me, and pass me over, and make me feel small. Oh, they are insolent—as insolent as Guardsmen!"

"Manners are not our strong point. But you want too much—attention and manners!"

"Yes, you are right. In the Kingdom of the Blind—which, by the way, I've left far behind me—I was Queen."

"You see, nobody knows anything about you."

"No. I should have thought that was in my favour. They know all about my ancestors. I imagined people wanted nothing more."

"Pooh! Nobody knows anything against you!"

"That, again, must be to my credit."

"Oh, you're a two-year-old. Let us say, for argument, that you do care for admiration."

"If it's the only way to open my eyes, I weakly give in."

"But, dear me! I don't see exactly how to put my case, without giving you a longish lecture."

"Well, I'm prepared for anything. We've plenty of time. Only clear the matter up, and I'll thank you for ever."

"You've noticed our young men, of course?"

"Not being overwhelmingly occupied, I have been able to give them some attention."

"They are not the men of a hundred years ago. Though you mayn't remember that period, you can perhaps believe there is some difference between them?"

"I have some imagination."

"A hundred years ago, women were women to men, not goddesses or queens, or any of that rubbish, and they were treated with polite deference and loving attention. Men brought their best to them, dedicated their works, their wit, their lives to them; fought for the woman herself, for her innocence, her retiringness, for her bright eyes and sweet voice. They would have fought for you."

"You make me blush!"

"But we have changed all that. Men now expect the best brought to them. They must be wooed. The adoration, the nimble, amusing, clever flattery of women must be put into a cannon and fired straight at them. For a little attention they expect a great return. 'Tis a usurious world. They wish to be paid back for what their grandfathers gave. They care nothing for the modest and simple loves which pleased those gentlemen. No. Modern love must be proclaimed upon the house-tops—or preferably, in the evening papers, with big headings. The village violet of a century back is out of it with the Divorce Court peony of to-day. And men now, I verily believe, would fight for the peony—or rather, the nastiness which clings to her—if there happened to be a good many other men in the running. To touch the vanity of modern man you must be well advertised. The most notorious wins the prize."

"Oh, I think there must be some old-fashioned men left—some who get tired."

"My dear, men never tire of women other men are interested in. The world is ruled by curiosity."

"I suppose you know what you are talking about?"

"Well, I've been married fifteen—and I was 'out' two years before that, so I've known society for seventeen years."

"I am much interested in what you tell me, and I don't feel so hurt as I did. But I shall now—draw back into my shell."

"Indeed you will not, for I am roused to battle-pitch, and I say you shall go in and win. I've got a scheme. You shall work it out."

"No, no! My irritation has all passed off. What does it matter, after all, being unnoticed in a place like London? I apply for the Chiltern Hundreds."

"You will do nothing of the kind, for as we go into the Embassy to-night I shall whisper to Lady A. something about you. Oh, I shall be judicious. It will be round the house in five minutes, and in twenty you will see the effect."

"What do you intend to do?"

"I shall say, I shall hint, that there have been passages—between you and Prince X."

"I shall not allow it."

"Oh, yes, you will. You've got to."

"But I don't even know him."

"A la bonne heure!"

"Is he a gentleman?"

"Y—yes."

"Will he be there to-night?"

"No. Now take the thing mildly. I think it will be fun. It's an experiment to show you the workings of the world. I assure you, you won't be dull after it."

"And what will the end be?"

"Ah! That depends upon how you manage the man, if ever you come across him. Here's the carriage."

"But if he ever hears of it—ever finds out?"

"He will be flattered. It will be your way of paying back the loans of his grandfathers. Yes, Mason, we are ready."

Six Months After.

"Betty, is it really you? Thought you'd gone to a shooting-box somewhere in Thuringia, on some sort of honeymoon. Where did you spring from—the sun or the moon?"

"Dear Mildred, the same as ever! It's very nice to see you again. But what on earth are you talking about?"

"Now, now, why plead innocence with me? Wasn't I chief prime-mover in the business? I think you might let me know if you had a good time. Have you been happy? Have you satisfied all your aspirations and ambitions?"

"Oh! a light begins to dawn upon me. You think I've been living up to my reputation?"

"My dear, I hope so. I won't esteem you such a fool as to have missed it."

"Tell me what you think I've been doing, and then, if you deserve it, I'll tell you a secret."

"I'll tell you what I *know* you've been doing. Of course, I've only noticed well-authenticated facts. I wouldn't condemn you unheard."

"Condemn! But never mind. Go on."

"Well, really, I didn't think you were going to live up to the part so thoroughly. Others who were not 'in the know' weren't surprised that you and Prince X. were both at the same hotel in the Engadine a fortnight after the ball at the Embassy. But I thought your proceedings a trifle rapid. I saw your names side by side in the paper. And the Powells saw you there with him, so there was no room for doubt."

"So we were at the same hotel together?"

"Mind, I won't swear to it, for, as we can only believe one-fourth of what we see ourselves, it is well to believe still less that which our friends' visions may prompt them to observe. But I did see the man's letter to our captain (he took our yacht, as you know) the time you went off together from Cowes."

"He described me, then?"

"Perfectly; he has a gift that way. Then Sir Wilfred came back and went straight and sulkily into Buckinghamshire alone, and you were out of the way, and the Prince was out of the way, so we all thought the same. It is wonderful how unanimous people can become at the end of the Season, when there's nothing else to do. And, after all, it was what you wanted. Everybody envied Prince X."

"What a nice, queer, original world this is!"

"Original? Heaven save us! Few of us find it that. What have you discovered?"

"I've found out how creative we are, and how we love our own creations, that's all."

"You're paying me compliments, I know; but it's no good. I'm too tough for 'em. Anyhow, I must pay you some in turn, for you have improved, Betty. Living with—with worldly people has brightened you up wonderfully. You are prettier, and you talk more fluently than you did."

"Really? Why, I imagined you had the conversation entirely to yourself. And pray continue. You left me, you may remember, on board your yacht with the Prince."

"So I did. And the worst of it is, I can't trace you from there, though rumour has followed you up pretty closely."

"Yes. Rumour has to be cruel to be kind. Honestly, Mildred, I can't help thinking it was a pity, almost unfortunate, that Prince X. happened to be at the Embassy that night."

"Oh, I don't know. One cannot arrange these things. Besides, from my point of view, the evening was eminently successful."

"Eminently, if you mean that many people saw me, and even recognised me, on that occasion, and a few paid me compliments."

"I thought that was what you wanted?"

"So it was, before—"

"And after, it was all unsatisfactory, eh? Like most things!"

"You see, the Prince was so thoroughly surprised. I think he must at once have suspected our *ruse*."

"Ah! this is really interesting. As I only saw you for two seconds next day, and never since, you might tell me what he said."

"He said he was gratified and complimented to find he knew me so well, but that, to his amazement—and he apologised deeply—he found people were making free with our names. 'I suppose that is the penalty you pay for your position?' I said stupidly. 'And you for your beauty,' said he gallantly. 'Directly I got into the room I heard I was mad for you, and the moment I saw you, I was. I'd give anything to know who did me the good turn to set the report afloat.' 'If you should find out, I wonder how you would take it?' said I. 'Ah, you look guilty! Perhaps you are the culprit?' 'Not entirely, and I really thought you would never know—certainly, that you would not turn up here to-night.' 'And you had a motive, of course. I am most happy to have been of use. Has it answered your expectations?' he asked, bored to death, I could see. But I answered, 'I was surprised at the result, for several people fell in love with me right off.' 'Is that singular?' 'Yes.' 'Why are you so honest with me?' 'Because I'm ashamed of myself. I've behaved impertinently, and I wish to make reparation.' 'You are making me love you.' 'What nonsense! And in half an hour, too. Besides, men in this age don't love.' 'Perhaps not; but women do, and you *shall* love me.' 'Excuse me, it's late; I'm going now.' 'Not yet; I've something to say to you, and you must listen. You see, you pitched upon the wrong man when you laid your plans. You didn't know me, and you could not tell that I allow no woman to take me up and cast me down. I don't like smoke without fire. You must make the story good,' he said."

"Oh, leave out the 'he said' and 'I said.' I understand perfectly; and how romantic! Make haste; tell me more."

"Oh, but the rest is all flat. You won't like it at all. I laughed at him, and, of course, he thought it his duty to try and insist, and so we talked on. Naturally, in the course of the conversation, we got upon the burning question of the day. We both held old-fashioned views; his were from a man's sight, while mine were—my own. He wanted to know why woman had become the discontented and singular creature she at present is, and I was able to point out to him that, although men and women are sometimes companions, they are seldom comrades; that in every grade, man keeps his life, his business, his thoughts apart, and he will not be worried by or interested in hers. There is no mixing. She must not talk Money Market, and he will not talk Kitchen, and few couples meet half-way. Then since spinning-wheels and store-closets went out, women have not had enough to do, so, with no employment for their hands and heads, and with no sympathiser or mate, the present state of affairs was certain to arrive."

"My goodness! And you talked like that to him. 'Twas dull! Enough to turn any man off. I think now you might tell me your secret. I'm sure I deserve it."

"Well, we agreed on the woman question, and *we have never met since*."

"Oh—h, I say, now!"

"I've not been in the Engadine for three years. I wasn't at Cowes, and I was in Buckinghamshire with Wilfred."

"What shamefully missed opportunities! Such a pretty scandal, all dissolved! I think you have been exceedingly stupid. It was your sermon that did it. But, don't you—haven't you ever really regretted—?"

"Never, for, unlike the Prince, I like smoke without fire. Good-bye, dear!"

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The recent estimates of the Transvaal Government, as our sprightly neighbours say, *donnent furieusement à penser*. About four millions and a half seems to be the revenue, of which the despised Uitlander contributes three millions and a half, or over three-quarters. Nearly a million goes to buy arms and build forts to repress the Uitlander; nearly another million to pay officials to keep him down—officials that he can never help to appoint. Large sums go for the police that does not protect him, and the judiciary that always decides against him; and over six hundred thousand for "special services" and "secret service" together, or, in plain English, for sending envoys to intrigue against the paramount Power, and paying newspapers to slander her.

To complete the picture, a new Press law forces every newspaper contributor to sign his name and address, and empowers the President to suppress any journal at his own sweet will, while an Alien law places any person outside the Burgher oligarchy at the mercy of the authorities, who can banish him arbitrarily. The Constitution which we flatter ourselves that we helped to give to Crete is the wildest extreme of liberty compared with this decree of a handful of ignorant farmers, left by chance and Mr. Gladstone in the possession of a wealthy land.

All these are signs, and dangerous signs. The elaborate arming of the Boers is not, indeed, in itself a danger. Most British soldiers would ask for nothing better than to give the Dopper the latest and most complex kind of small-bore repeating-rifle, the latest pattern of artillery, and plenty of it, and have him drilled in the newest scientific attack by the most learned German instructors to be found. The Boer with his familiar Martini and bag of provisions slung at the saddle of his pony was a foe Tommy Atkins could not be expected to relish. The Boer drilled into stiffness, marching out in ranked battalions, horse, foot, and artillery, will be a fairly soft thing for Tommy. The men who fought at Majuba were as effective as David with his sling and stones; the new German-trained army will be David in Saul's armour.

But the whole state of affairs does not look well. It seems as if the South African Republic were getting ready to despoil the Uitlanders and pick a quarrel with the paramount Power. Its Government can now suppress any free-spoken newspaper and practically ruin any alien by banishing him. This gives the means of a grinding but legal oppression of the English in the Republic; while the armaments, it may be reasonably surmised, are intended to prevent England from interfering in defence of her subjects. For defence, neither oppressive laws nor extravagant armaments are wanted; and why should a small republic at the further end of Africa spend sixty thousand pounds for "secret service," except to secure the advocacy and support of the "reptile Press" in Germany and elsewhere?

The "reptiles" have recently been outdoing their own serpentine record in venom. But this is easily to be understood. At any price Russia and England must be kept from coming to an understanding. At any price the legend of British hypocrisy and rapacity in taking up the Armenian cause must be circulated and exaggerated. First in the unsavoury competition is Prince Bismarck, who is destroying his own reputation with a zest that will leave little work for the iconoclast. In his publication of an impertinent letter concerning the Queen he showed how very far from a gentleman he is; and the latest utterance of his organ seems to show that his inhumanity equals his discourtesy. Germans, it seems, had rather see ten thousand Armenians massacred than risk the bones of a single Pomeranian grenadier.

One wonders whether German sympathisers drew up the latest Turkish semi-official communication to the Press? The clumsy spite of the thing would seem to indicate that a Pomeranian grenadier had something to do with it. The most interesting point, however, is that the late disorders in Constantinople and the dread of future massacres are put to the credit of inflammatory articles in English newspapers. Now, considering that English newspapers have been prohibited and excluded from Constantinople for a considerable time, this contention is about as obviously false as anything even the Porte has ever advanced.

There is one point, however, on which Mr. Gladstone and many other advocates of intervention are demonstrably wrong. They assert that by the Cyprus Convention of 1878 we are specially bound to interfere in behalf of the Armenians. Now the terms of the treaty in question say nothing of the sort. Turkey promised in 1878 to give reforms to Asia Minor generally and the Armenians in particular; she also made over Cyprus on certain terms. In return for this cession and these promises Great Britain engaged to defend Asia Minor against Russian aggression. Turkey did not carry out the reforms as promised; consequently we are not bound to defend her against Russia. As a matter of fact, Russia seems just now to be defending Turkey against us. But the treaty in itself gives us no special ground to interfere. England did not promise anyone to get reforms for the Armenians. It was the Porte that promised this, under pain of forfeiting English support. And as for our special right to intervene—the mere fact that the treaty was made with the Sultan is enough to disprove that contention. That Sovereign has done many bad and some mad things, but we doubt whether he or any other Sovereign would ever have stipulated by treaty for the (conditional) invasion of his own dominions.

MARMITON.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

CRICKET.

Prince Ranjitsinhji must feel a proud man to-day. It is not given to every cricketer to be banqueted by the nobility, but, then, on the other hand, it is not given to every cricketer to be a Ranjitsinhji.

Only to think that Ranjitsinhji was in great danger of leaving his University without receiving his Blue! That is not to say that he did not deserve it. He was at Cambridge three years, and in the second of them he was scoring very profusely, but, for some reason or other, was overlooked. In his last year his form was too good to be lost sight of, and so he played at Lord's. And, by the way, was it not in this match that C. M. Wells distinguished himself by deliberately bowling wides so as to save Oxford the necessity of having to follow on?

Such an incident is happily not likely to happen again after E. B. Shine's performance last season. I say "happily" not to raise a controversy as to the legality of the action, but because "artificiality" like that is not to the taste of the people who go to see Oxford and Cambridge play a sporting match. Yorkshire's proposal to abolish the follow-on is bound to be heeded, and



MR. A. J. HEMMERDE.

it may be that we are in for wholesale reformation in regard to the County Championship. It is to be hoped so, at any rate.

They are not used to cricket in America, and some of the expressions in the reports are, to say the least, startling. In describing the first victory of the Australians at Philadelphia, a local journal burst forth in the head-lines with, "Quakers Played Desperately. In Their Last Innings they Spurred, but the Antipodeans' Lead was Too Great." "Spurred" is distinctly good, and characteristic of American rush-headedness.

FOOTBALL.

The first instance in the present season of a player being expelled from the field occurred at Millwall the other day. At least, I have heard of no other case yet. Millwall were playing Rushden, and one of the Rushden forwards, anxious to "argue" with the official, was politely ordered to the calmer clime of the dressing-room.

It is very sad that such things should be. It is, of course, right in referees to enforce discipline on the field, but I am afraid that all referees do not sufficiently realise the terrible consequences of their action, frequently the result of hot-headedness on both sides. Referees, chiefly in the South, possess a wrong conception of their own position compared with that of the player, whom they in many cases appear to regard as so much dirt to be trodden under foot.

In this particular match one of the players seemed to deliberately kick an opponent, and only the ordinary free-kick followed. Now, if any player deserves to have his services dispensed with, it is surely the man who is so lost to all sense of decency and sportsmanship as to assault. On the other hand, when a player involuntarily tells a referee he (the referee) has made a mistake, he should to a certain extent be humoured, and referees can do this without losing their dignity.

If all referees acted alike it would not matter so much, but unfortunately there are some officials who work players as though they were so many marionettes. The referee who checks incipient rebellion by satire is more likely to be respected than the referee who impatiently turns men off the field. This extreme course should never be adopted unless it be urgently necessary. Professional footballers have their livings to earn, and suspension may mean their ruin. After all, they are but doing their duty to their club in working their hardest. They should not, of course, lose their temper, but that is only a natural failing.

So far, the positions in the Football Leagues are very satisfactory. It is good that no club has succeeded in drawing away with a long lead, and, as a matter of fact, I should say that, so far as the First Division is concerned, the teams have seldom been found so equally matched.

But it is sad to note that the side which is faring the worst is Sunderland, once so great a power in the land. It seems but yesterday that we were all watching, amazed, the unparalleled success of the Wearsiders, and now the famous reds-and-whites can do scarcely anything to warrant praise.

Therefore, it is useless to argue that Sunderland should set about the task of reforming their team. It is urged that there are too many "old men" on the side, but if you come to look around you will find many "old men" who are doing well. Look at Goodall of Derby County, and McLeod and Bassett of West Bromwich Albion, at Bell of Everton, and others. These veterans have a habit of bringing great experience to bear, and not infrequently experience wins matches where mere skill does not.

The portrait given on this page is of Mr. A. J. Hemmerde, the hon. sec. of the Old Westminsters Football Club, a club which seems to have fallen from its high estate. Mr. Hemmerde is himself a good player. He was born on June 28, 1869.

BOXING.

The season is just about to commence, though, as a matter of fact, some work has already been got through. For instance, the Army and Navy have just decided their championships, and, as usual, sport was very exciting. Your military man, even if he possess little skill, is certainly chock-full of pluck, and he never knows when he is beaten.

The feather-weights for warrant, non-commissioned, and petty officers, privates and seamen, was taken by Drummer Phillips, of the 1st Grenadier Guards, a very tall boxer with a fairly straight left. Two old opponents in Sergeant Collins and Driver Pinchen fought out the final for the middle-weights, and Collins won, though the battle was a brilliant one, and the judges had no easy task. Drummer Collins, of the 1st Life Guards, took the light-weights, and Captain H. M. C. W. Graham, of the Royal Marine Light Infantry, captured the light-weights officers' prize. Boxing in the Army has the warm support of Lord Wolseley, whom I once heard make a very capital speech at the Chelsea Barracks.

OLYMPIAN.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

The racing at Kempton Park will be of the best, and I predict a big attendance. The Imperial Produce Stakes will attract a big field, but on paper Lord Rosebery holds the key to the situation, as he has Velasquez and Chelandry engaged. The first-named has 10 lb. extra to carry, but, if started, I think he will win, although they say Lord Alington owns a smart youngster in Vesuvian. The Duke of York Handicap will attract a big field of average horses. By the death of Troon a dangerous candidate has been removed from the race, and this should add to the size of the field. Quarrel, if started, would be well backed, and Hebron, with 7 st. 10 lb. only, must not be overlooked. The latter missed his Manchester engagement, and he is a very likely one to serve over the easy Kempton course.

If the powers that govern the racing world are slow to move, I believe they keep a keen eye on all that is going on. If this is so, they must have noticed the egregious blunders that have been made this season in handicaps, more especially in nurseries. It used to be an axiom that top weight should be given to a "dark" animal. Lately we have seen one or two "new-comers," figuring half-way down a handicap, romp home by many lengths, and in one instance a 10 lb. penalty made not the slightest difference when the animal made its second appearance. Perhaps the most flagrant case of blundering was seen at Manchester, where what was considered the best of his year in Ireland simply played with a high-class handicap field, because he had to carry many pounds less than his form warranted. These examples of blundering have surely not to continue long before the Board of Handicappers becomes an established fact?

With a run Laodamia would take a lot of beating for the Cesarewitch, and it is now hinted that the owner of the horse has a good bet about her chance. I believe Hunt will have the mount, and he is a good jockey, as he does not get hustled. He knows the mare's ways, and lets her run her own race. I already hear of one or two big pencilers, not bad judges, who are making their books for Mr. Fulton's candidate. With regard to the Cambridgeshire, it is very likely we shall see a complete revolution in the betting after the Duke of York Handicap and the Cesarewitch have been decided, and I know of one or two commissions that will not be thrown into the market for another week yet.

Englishmen are said to take their pleasures sadly. This was not true when Edinburgh Races were established in the time of George I., to commemorate the birthday of the then Prince of Wales. On the race day—the Gold Cup was the chief event—bells rang from before noon until eight o'clock at night. Bell-ringing would annoy rather than please your modern racing reporter whose duty it is to collect and make out the overnight races and scratchings for next day's programme. Then, the Lord Provost, magistrates, City Council, and all loyalists gathered together after dining at Leith and returned to Edinburgh to be entertained with song and dance, the while royal healths were drunk and salutes fired by a detachment of City Guards. The racecourse at that time of day was on Leith sands.

The Cesarewitch is one of the hardest nuts the punter has to crack in the course of the season. It also takes as much winning as the Royal Hunt or Stewards' Cups, although the distance is more than three times as far. This is probably accounted for by the fact that many animals are "kept" for this race. Some known to their connections as stayers have repeatedly been seen to disadvantage in short-distance events, while others have been sent out lusty to put the handicapper off getting a reliable line to their capabilities. However, that official very often has the good luck to see animals of this kidney beaten, and he is thus to an extent vindicated, if he has seemingly underweighted the horse. A follower of racing once expressed his opinion to Alec Taylor that a certain horse in the Cesarewitch would win, as he had 14 lb. in hand. "That's no reason," rejoined the Manton oyster; "you want 28 lb. in hand." The situation could not be better put. Probably it is the uncertainty that always attaches to the race that causes it to be more popular than its fellows.

DEER AND ANTELOPES.

Photographs by Charles Knight, Newport, Isle of Wight.

In text-books and works dealing with natural history such a clear distinction is drawn between deer and antelopes that one infers only a numskull could fail to distinguish the one from the other. There is no

authorities of the museum owe much to various South African hunters, especially to the famous Mr. Selous.

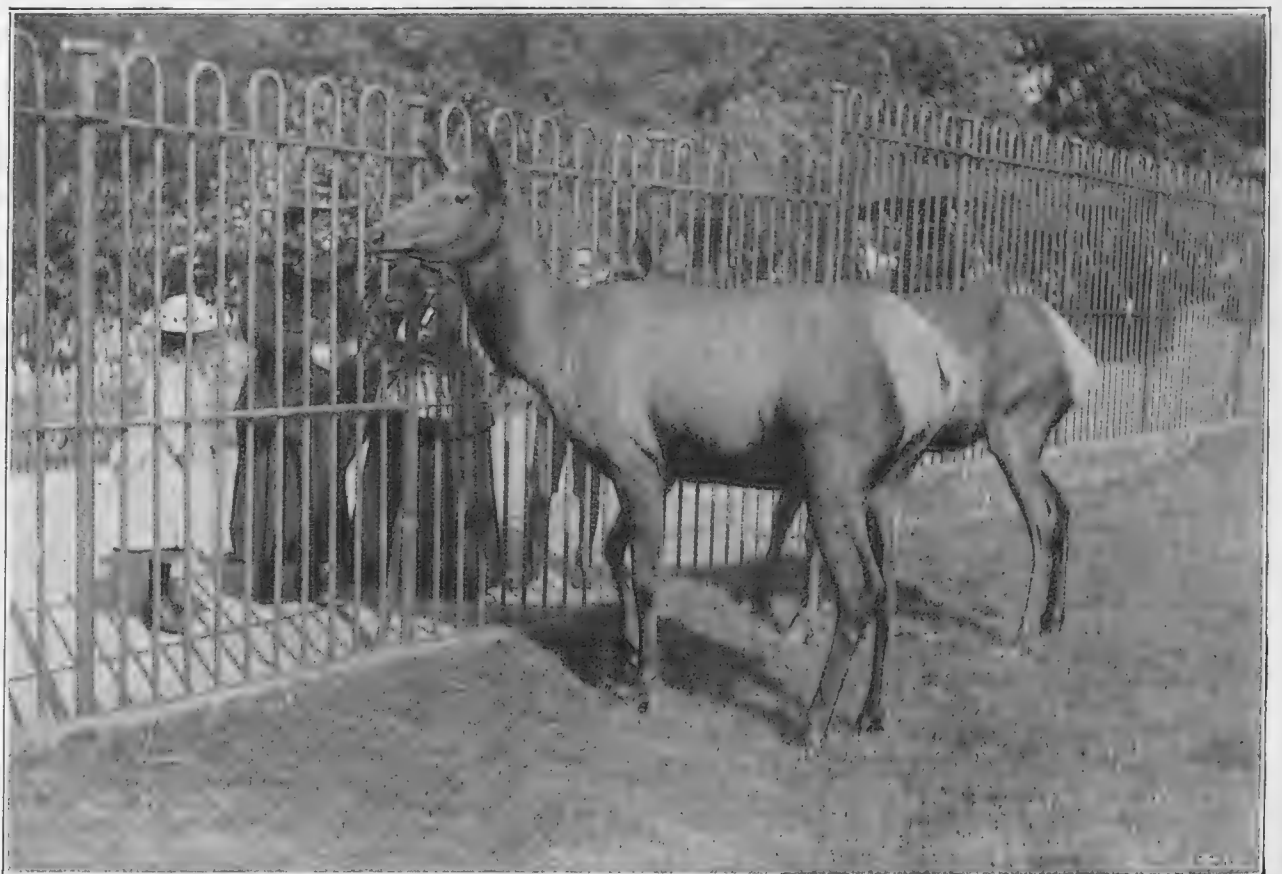
The two Wapiti hinds, shown in our illustration begging from visitors, are respectively fourteen and sixteen years old, and were bred in the Gardens under the present kindly keeper, George Waterman, who possesses a rare store of knowledge concerning the deer kind. The present collection of Wapiti at the "Zoo," consisting of a stag and four hinds, every one a splendid specimen, and all bred and born there, is without a rival in Europe, unless perhaps the private herd belonging to Sir Peter Walker approach it in merit. They breed freely in confinement, so that there is frequently surplus stock that can be very readily sold or exchanged, and thus help to keep up the Society's collection. At present there are two calves, which, although the parents are of a uniform brown, are covered with white spots like the Fallow Deer, a character which, their keeper told me, distinguished the young of all the deer family. The stag, especially in the rutting season, is a most dangerous animal, making short work of any assailant with his wide-spreading, sharp-"tined" antlers. The hinds, on the other hand, are quiet, placid animals, demolishing their hay and corn, even in the presence of visitors, with the content of domestic animals. The Wapiti are natives of Canada, where they are universally known by the name of Elk, and used to occur in great herds of as



THE SING-SING ANTELOPE.

difficulty when one has males to deal with, for the solid, branching antlers of the stag, which are shed every spring, are quite unlike the unbranched, hollow horns of the antelope, which closely resemble the horns of oxen and goats, and are never shed at all. But when it comes to be, as in our illustrations, a matter of distinguishing between female antelopes and deer hinds, the similarity is such that it requires an expert to draw a line that will separate the one from the other. The large, liquid eyes, looking out so timidly, the long, hairy ears, wide muzzle, and curious colouring depicted in the illustration of the Sing-Sing would lead anyone at all familiar with the subject to suspect that it was an antelope. The Sing-Sing is a native of Central Africa. Mr. Scott-Elliot, in his recent journey through British Central Africa to explore Mount Ruwenzori, met them in large herds, feeding along the banks of rivers and on the shores of lakes, often in the neighbourhood of herds of the water-buck antelope, which much resembles them. There is no Sing-Sing in the "Zoo" at present, the subject of the illustration having died some time ago; but they are quite common in zoological collections and breed freely enough in captivity, although they never in any sense become domesticated. Some very good stuffed specimens of it may be seen in the unrivalled collection of antelopes recently brought together in the Natural History Museum of South Kensington, for the completeness of which the

many as three hundred, led by an old stag, a most arbitrary general, who gained and kept his position by the result of battle. They become every year rarer, so that in time they will probably be extinct in their wild and native haunts. The fact that they breed so well in confinement becomes, therefore, all the more gratifying, for it would be unpleasant to think that one of the largest and most magnificent of living deer should be known to our descendants, as the fine Irish Elk is known to us, by imperfect skeletons and antlers in museums.



TWO WAPITI HINDS.

THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

Miss Elliott-Page, who made her début on this side of the Atlantic two years ago at a matinée of "The Joker," at the Avenue Theatre, and afterwards figured at the St. James's as Sybil March in "In the Season," Alma Suleny in "The Triumph of the Philistines," and, latterly, in "The Mummy," at the Comedy, has, it seems, ambitions beyond the sphere of mere acting, for she would fain be a playwright. To that end



MISS ELLIOTT-PAGE.

Photo by Dickens, Sloane Street, S.W.

she has put pen to paper, and, in collaboration with Miss Nora Vynne, has written a light three-act comedy, which at present bears the name of "Notoriety." But possibly this title may be changed when Mr. Charles Hawtrey, who has purchased the dramatic rights, produces it. This comedy should just suit him and Miss Rose Leclercq, as the parts were written to fit them. Then Miss Elliott-Page, assisted by Mr. A. W. Gattie, has perpetrated a one-act play, entitled "A Tale of a Tantrum." This piece and a little farce for which Miss Page is also responsible will probably be first played in America. However, she herself has come to stay.

"En Route," the new musical comedy produced last week at the Borough Theatre and Opera House, Stratford, has nothing in it to create a popular furor. At the same time, there is no reason why it should not remain on the boards for some considerable period—that is, in the provinces. The music is composed by Mr. Ernest Bucalossi, and the lyrics were written by Walter Parke, of "Spooks Ballads" fame, with additional numbers by Roland Carse and P. Bucalossi. Throughout the music is pleasing, but at times shows a tendency to drag—a matter which can easily be settled by the pruning-knife. However, there is no lack of choruses, and good-going, swinging choruses too, with well-planned and neatly executed dances. Dancing, or rather, acrobatic movement, was in evidence—in fact, too much so. The company is a remarkably agile one, and contains not a few good singers, notably Miss Evie Green, Mr. A. E. Chapman, and Mr. Richard Temple junior. The dresses of the chorus were artistically arranged. As to the plot, 'tis old and simple. Mr. John T. Smithe (lately in the "egg line"), with his wife and daughters, are travelling in the steamship *Planet*. There are three suitors—one a Frenchman and, of course, the villain—for the daughters' hands. The Frenchman steals a precious ruby from the drunken servant of his rival, and is accepted, not on that account, by the mother. The passengers arrive at Naples along with an Indian colonel and his—well, betrothed, who plays the low comedy. The servant—who, by the way, is Irish—bolted, turned detective, and recovered the jewel. Exit villain; the hero and heroine live happy ever after.

Last Saturday week I spent the evening in the company of some dozen friends at the "Britanniaroxton." The attraction for the evening was "The White Rose," and, needless to say, it was very well mounted

and played by a company in which Messrs. Walter Steadman and J. B. Howe, Mesdames Mary Kilpack and Beatrice Day, did some really admirable work, and delighted a huge audience of over four thousand people. They do not stint their patrons at Mrs. Lane's house. The melodrama was over by a quarter past ten o'clock; it began at seven; then came some varieties by Marie Gilbert and the Four Houlsworths, whose talents are of the highest order, or the programme romances. Even then the public was not considered to be recompensed for its outlay, and John Oxenford's farce, "No Followers Allowed," brought the entertainment to an end. I am very fond of country and outlying theatres, but there is not one quite so attractive as the dear old "Brit." I love to see actors and actresses taking the house by storm, compelling the rowdiest portion of the onlookers to be quiet, moving the boys to silence and the girls to tears, or both the sexes to hearty laughter. I love to see the villain hissed roundly and soundly, to see the heroine pelted with flowers. There is something very human and lovable about the scene, and I will go there again soon. Mrs. Lane and Mr. Crauford treat their huge public very well, and fortune follows.

It is very satisfactory to note the excellent work done by Miss Mena Le Bert as Barbara Scarth in "Two Little Vagabonds," at the Princess's. Miss Le Bert has in her time played successfully many parts; she was a member of Mr. Hare's company on his former American tour, and I was particularly struck this summer with the refinement and intelligence of her performance as the Duchesse de Vervier in "The Broken Melody" with M. Auguste Van Biene.

Charles Raymond has been telling the story of a funny experience at the Metropolitan Music-Hall, and it is too good to go unpublished, although too broad for full expression. He was giving an imitation of Tree in one of the innumerable "Trilby" sketches a week or so ago, and was duly impressing the good people of Edgware Road and its environs. It was Saturday night; the place was crowded. Soon he came to the part where Svengali tells Gecko that he does not care for Providence and is his own deity. Raymond had reached this part, and then came the seizure in which the hapless musician calls upon the God of Israel for life. Pleased with his reception, conscious that he was being followed by a very attentive audience, the actor threw all his force of expression into the words, "Give me but a year, a month, a day, an hour!"—and then a loud, excited voice from the gallery, moved past all



MISS ELLIOTT-PAGE'S DOG.

Photo by Dickens, Sloane Street, S.W.

restraint, suddenly called out, "Not a — minute." The effect was electrical; it broke the spell, the house roared, and poor Svengali, thoroughly startled, was also amused beyond restraint. The interruption was so genuine, so spontaneous, and so clearly the result of the impression received, that it was really a compliment—in the dialect of Edgware Road. Mr. Raymond tells me that for once a compliment brought him to a standstill, and compelled him to join in the laughter of his audience, to the utter sacrifice of his part.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

When to light up:—To-day, 6.23; to-morrow, 6.21; Friday, 6.19; Saturday, 6.17; Sunday, 6.15; Monday, 6.12; Tuesday, 6.10.

Correspondents writing from Leicestershire, from the Midlands, and from several hunting centres in Ireland, mention that the bicycle will play an important part during the hunting season, now practically upon us. Some dense reader—supposing that any person who reads *The Sketch* can be called dense—may wonder whether by this I mean to insinuate that the cycle of '97 will be a "lepper," sound in wind and limb, free from vice, and warranted quiet with hounds. No, but the bicycle is to be largely used as a covert hack, and as such it will no doubt prove of service, especially to the man of limited means. Top-boots are not the sort of "pedal integuments" conducive to good ankling, but that is a detail when only short distances have to be covered. I doubt, however, whether many men will be found to possess sufficient moral courage to wear spurs while on their bicycles. We may feign to scorn the jeers and ridicule of the ribald rustic urchin, but there are times when even silly remarks prove irritating.

A few weeks ago a Nurses' Bicycle Club sprang into existence at Guy's Hospital. Its headquarters are situated at Lewisham, and I

wonderful way of maintaining a just balance, and if we have had an exceptionally fine summer, she makes us pay for it with an unusually wet autumn; so we ought not to grumble when "the stormy winds do blow," and the rain keeps us indoors, but rather think of the bright, warm days we enjoyed, and the glorious spins we had over clean, dry roads, of all the health and vigour we have stored away, that we may tide over the dreary season of falling rain and fading leaves.

I am told that the Duchess of Sutherland emulates her lovely sister's example by riding a white bicycle. I am told that Lady Warwick now has bicycles to match her frocks, and that she is the envy of all her sex. I am told that Major-General Lord Methuen is often seen riding on the Windsor Road before breakfast, and is a most ardent cyclist. I am told that beautiful Lady Colin Campbell, who looks more graceful than ever since her illness, has a machine of dark-green hue, a colour which certainly suits her. I am told that Mrs. Langtry has broken yet another heart, and that she flashes past on her bicycle enamelled in her racing colours. I am told that Lady Henry Somerset is fonder of cycling than ever and that she is now touring in Normandy with her friend Miss Frances Willard. I am told that Mrs. Asquith, the Duchess of Portland, and Lady Randolph Churchill are often seen riding, proving that cycling is as much favoured in the political as in the ecclesiastical and the dramatic worlds. I am told that two well-known ladies were seen riding in Battersea



THE CYCLE IN SILHOUETTE.

Reproduced by permission from "Jugend."

understand that the matron of the hospital, who is treasurer of the organisation, is still willing to accept donations for the support of the newly formed club. So excellent an institution as a Nurses' Cycling Club deserves to be supported in every way possible.

I hear now that the Salvation Army of Wingless Angels intend to emulate the example set by their sisters in New York, and that in due course we shall see a brigade of Salvation lads and lasses enjoying life in a rational manner. I speak in a flippant tone, the tone so often adopted when the Salvation Army is the subject under discussion. Nevertheless, I know for a fact that the amount of practical good directly traceable in America, and probably in England as well, to this institution is considerable. Whether the "Army" will do much good on bicycles remains to be seen.

One would think that by now the rational being, presumably with intellect, would have learned, more or less, the way to clean a bicycle. But such is not the case. Only last week I passed a groom "swishing" buckets of water over a muddy Beeston Humber, a meek-eyed humpkin sponging the tyres of a lady's wheel with *paraffin oil*, and a youth plastering vaseline and thick salad-oil into his ball-bearings. Ye gods! To think that such things should be in this epoch of enlightenment, advancement, and civilisation. I asked the youth if he had ever tried glue, whereat he turned round sharply and spoke.

Raging wind, pelting rain, and muddy roads being anything but conducive to the pleasure of the cyclist, many an iron steed has been enjoying a long rest during the last few weeks. Dame Nature has a

followed by a footman on wheels, and that even ladies'-maids are also learning the art of cycling, in order to accompany their mistresses.

Another medical authority has spoken in favour of the wheel. At the Sanitary Congress held in Newcastle a few weeks ago, Dr. E. B. Turner read a paper on "The Sanitary Aspect of Cycling for Ladies." He declared that there could be no doubt that the average standard of health among ladies who cycled had been very appreciably raised. Modern women, he said, were prone to a condition of what he termed "under-health," the principal cause of this being want of exercise, which promotes a beneficial action of the skin, the circulatory and respiratory organs. The cycle is a means of locomotion adapted not only to the strong, but, within certain limits, to the weak also. It calls into play every muscle of the body, improves the appetite, and encourages sleep. Dr. Turner proceeded to enforce the necessity of proper clothing for lady cyclists. He insisted that underclothing must be made of wool, and that the garments should be loose. Speaking as a doctor, he considered "rational dress" safer and more healthful, though, as a man, he thought it excessively ungraceful.

What a blessing it would be if one could go fishing on a water-bicycle instead of in a boat! No sooner do you come upon a bay where the trout are feeding than the boat drifts over it all, in a high wind, and you catch only one trout probably, instead of three or four. There are such things as water-bicycles; it is said, indeed, that the Prince of Wales has one at Sandringham, and one is said to have appeared at the last Henley Regatta, but I have never yet seen one adapted to the needs of the fisherman. Here, then, is a chance for some inventive genius.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THE GENTLE ART OF DRESSMAKING.

Tea-gowns, as an accompaniment to tea-time, are necessarily more a matter of autumn ices than those outdoor days of spring and summer when the world is everywhere but within its own four walls. Therefore, I suppose, this outburst of five o'clock chiffons among the modistes, for every woman I know has, it would seem, just ordered herself a tea-gown.



[Copyright.]

A WINTER THEATRE-GOWN.

and every dressmaker I know of is busy in the manipulation thereof. It certainly is a very cosy habit, and becoming withal, or else were it not so acceptable to lovely woman. An unusually graceful style has been made for the Empress of All the Russias by a St. Petersburg modiste lately. It is a pale-blue brocade, with knots of violets in varying mauves and an admirably simulated pattern of white Chantilly lace in wavy lines. This style has a tight-fitting back, with wide folds, *à la Watteau*, at both sides, while the front is quite loose, fastening at left side with three large buttons of diamonds and blue enamel. A jabot and ruffles of ivory-white Chantilly, with cascades of the same lovely lace, are draped over left side, the whole lined with chiné silk, shot mauve, green, and blue.

In all matters of the millinery moment for outdoor or evening wear I find Madame Humble, of Conduit Street, particularly well equipped at the moment. Her afternoon-gowns may be said to particularly excel, and the models one sees in her pretty show-rooms are both smart and original in the last degree. A particularly captivating style of autumn-dress was made of coarse dark-green canvas over silk of the same shade. Some skilful touches of a tawny-orange velvet were laid on bodice, which, being bordered with fur, gave it colour without being too *voyant*. Three pointed epaulettes overlaid each other cape-fashion from the shoulders in front, and a high folded belt of grey silk, in the Blue Rock pigeon colour, encircled the waist with excellent effect. There was also a wonderfully fitting cloth gown of policeman's blue, which looked as if its wearer might have been poured into its shapely lines. Several rows of fine black mohair braid appeared on skirt, and, matching this, a little outdoor bodice, with astrachan collar and plastron, was trimmed with braid laid diagonally on back and front. This very useful and becoming frock possessed furthermore an indoor bodice made quite plain except for overlaid seams, which ended in a little basque. Round the waist a courageous but quite successful effect was obtained by a broad-shaped belt of vivid-green velvet, the *chic* of which should really be seen to obtain its rightful recognition. For more elaborate occasions a handsome afternoon-gown of a sage-green and white-striped satin brocade, with velvet, fur-trimmed bodice shown up by finely wrought buckles of opals and brilliants, seemed the ideal winter-gown of

prosperous British matronhood. But one of Humble's most decided successes was a beautifully cut skirt of fawn-coloured cloth, the bodice being entirely built of a species of rich chenille embroidery of similar shading, which was still further enhanced by a foundation of ivory satin that showed itself acceptably through the interstices. A high neck-band of turquoise velvet, gathered prettily at back, together with a waist-belt and cuff-trimmings of the same brilliant colour, gave that contrasting vivid note which fawn, of all other shades, successfully responds to, and completed an absolutely charming gown. Of the two accompanying sketches, which are also reproduced from Humble's long list of novelties, I imagine this delightful little theatre-dress in white satin and chiffon will particularly appeal to the smartest section of my readers, inasmuch as that, combining the airy, fairy daintiness of our most complete evening panoply of war, it also obeys the hygienic rules of caution which our impossible winter climate makes so necessary. Frenchwomen consistently use the high evening-gown for all ordinary occasions of the cold season, but our conservative constitutions move so slowly that it is only of late this smart and suitable innovation has begun to make itself popular over here. Meanwhile, this model is a *chef d'œuvre* in the method, Louis Quinze embroideries of the classic wheat-ear pattern, worked in oval pearls and gold cord, accentuating the attraction of style and material in this lovely little dress. Evening-cloaks still continue to be made in the long coat shape, but with sleeves advisably smaller than those of last season. I hope, indeed, the classic circular will be long in returning—our present fashion is more comfortable and distinctly more imposing, *vide* this excellent example here set down in black-and-white. The rich Lyons velvet of which it is composed, with costly trimmings of mink, and "scapulars," as Worth calls them, of rich Paisley matalasse, is quite one of the most notable achievements Humble has accomplished, and for women of generous proportions, as well as their happier slim sisters, the style is equally stately and suitable, a tightly fitting back, with ample folds at each side, giving the appearance of grace even where grace is not. If it were not for pursuing the subject of frocks to extinction, I could also enthuse over a certain black satin—thick, lustrous, and sprinkled over with paste, sewn on, each stone about two inches apart, which Humble again displayed to view. A flight of



[Copyright.]

A REGAL WRAP.

butterflies in amethysts and brilliants appeared on front and sides of skirt, each papillon in itself a triumph of the embroiderer's art.

For millinery matters I fancy the toque, fur-trimmed and set forth with jaunty quills or the osprey of our tried affections, will successfully dispute feminine favour with the picture-hat. Seductive examples of the toque family arrive daily from Paris bent on conquest, and, without doubt, nothing is at once so attractive and appropriate to winter.

Meantime the large black velvet hat, with plumes to match, and the contrasting spot of colour, either in ribbon or roses, will still hold its own section of adorers, and a new departure in the shape of this becoming style accompanies the sketch of evening-cloak aforesaid.

The subject of silver, politically more than otherwise, is a burning question of the moment, and in the present condition of men's minds—*molto agitato*—anent the silver dollar, it may seem irrelevant, even frivolous, to point out that I have discovered a panacea for all the stains to which silver and electro-plate are prone. Kalkene does not profess to wipe out Mr. Bryan, unfortunately, but all blots, from the silver point of view, on the pantry horizon it successfully grapples with. And not only silver pure and simple, but all metals coming under the denomination of "white," as well as brass, it reduces to order and elevates to brilliancy by a single application of its pinky paste, which also, I am well assured, contains no mercury or other injurious ingredient. By the way, with all the inventions with which we are daily assailed, why does not someone alight on that much-wanted something which will keep sea-sickness at bay? Some esteemed relatives, rash enough to travel from Ireland by long-sea, several weeks since, suffered so mightily on the outward voyage that no considerations will induce them to return, and two blighted homesteads may be a possible result of ten hours in the Channel. I recommend the solution of this problem to anybody in want of a fortune. That there is one in it I am entirely—and with painfully personal reason—convinced.

A great effort is being made to popularise embroidered gloves for evening wear by the Paris authorities; but the secret of their non-acceptance lies in the fact that they are unbecoming to the hand, tending to enlarge and detract from its beauty of outline. Jewelled gloves are also presented for our edification, the usual stitched points being embellished with sapphire or brilliant, to the wearer's fancy. One most elaborate and beautiful design in seed-pearls and brilliants has been introduced by the Parisian Diamond Company. Like all their productions, exquisite design and finish are noticeably apparent in these glove-backs. Whether the ladies of fashion will take kindly to the innovation it is impossible to say. But in white and black kid these diamond-bedecked gloves have certainly a very brilliant effect.—SYBIL.

"THE WHITE SILK DRESS," AND OTHERS.

As the gown which gives its name to the new Prince of Wales's piece is, when finally discovered, donned by Mr. Arthur Roberts, it follows that, from a feminine point of view, there is not much to describe about it, but there are seven white dresses, at one and another time, severally supposed to be the genuine article, which are very charming.

Half-a-dozen are all made alike in the picturesque 1835 style, and in white brocade, the short skirts bordered with a deep flounce of the white mousseline de soie which so greatly exercises Mr. Arthur Roberts, and caught up with festoons of pearls and bunches of white roses, while the bodices are arranged with a berthe of the same airy fabric, sundry bunches of roses, and some touches of lace. And, to complete the effect of these bridesmaids' costumes, bouquets of white flowers are carried.

The other dress is in the softest white silk, made in Empire fashion, and tied up under the arms with a band of satin ribbon, while a softly frilled chiffon fichu drapes the shoulders. This is worn by Miss Kitty Loftus, and when her piquant face is crowned by a picture-hat of white drawn chiffon, caught up with knots of ribbon, diamond ornaments, and white plumes, she makes a charming picture, as may be readily imagined.

Then, the white silk dresses being disposed of, we are at liberty to concentrate our attention on sweet Miss Decima Moore, as Mary Turner the Lord Mayor's daughter. She has a delightful dress for the first act, in a delicate shade of rose-pink, the bodice of accordion-pleated mousseline de soie, its soft fulness held in across the front by three bands of satin ribbon, one pale pink, the other a deeper rose, and the third a delicate mauve, finished at each side with a *chou* bow, in which all three colours are repeated. Then there are bretelles of string-coloured embroidery over satin, which taper from shoulder to waist, and, after being divided at the waist by a band of satin ribbon and two diamond buttons, continue their career on the skirt of pink silk—a skirt, moreover, which betimes reveals a lining of deepest, rosiest pink. Miss Decima's hat of white felt is trimmed with a deftly tied bow of pink ribbon and some white ostrich plumes, while the brim is turned up at the back with a cluster of pink chrysanthemums, the stalks twining round the hair. Her evening-dress is of white satin, the skirt front made beautiful by a fine appliqué of dark-grey silk, outlined with gold and studded with jewels—amethysts, diamonds, and pearls—while the leaf design is connected by fine trails of lace appliqué. This is cut out in deep vandykes at the foot to show an under-petticoat of palest green *crêpe* de Chine over turquoise-blue silk, and this delicate green is introduced into the bodice in the form of a corsage bow, which glitters with diamond dewdrops. They are charming dresses, and owe their existence, by the way, to Elaine, of Sloane Street.

Miss Ellas Dee's most striking dress is worn in Act I. It has a skirt of palest fawn corduroy cloth, and a double-breasted zouave bodice of emerald-green velvet, elaborately embroidered with glittering sequins and appliqué with lace, while it is cut short to display a deep ceinture of black satin, finished with long sash-ends. One of the prettiest features of the dress is the collar, which is made in many little loops of velvet, with a lining of pink satin, and the costume is completed by a big hat of green velvet, adorned with black ostrich plumes.

But her evening-dress is charming too, all in delicate pink, the skirt of

silk, with lace-like stripes in white, and the bodice, of silken gauze, almost hidden by a glittering embroidery in gold and green, studded with pearls, and with strings of iridescent beads falling to the waist, the sleeves being of the soft gauzy fabric, arranged in waved puffs in the prettiest possible manner.

An effective dress of yellow corded silk is worn by Miss Carrie Benton, the bodice boasting of one goodly sized rever of white satin, bordered with gold embroidery, and the other side being occupied by ruffings of chiffon; but, apart from the principals, some very notable dresses are displayed. A certain number are carried out in black-and-white silk, striped or brocaded or spotted, as the case may be, but all lined with brilliant scarlet silk and trimmed with touches of the same colour—perhaps threadings of baby-ribbon through black lace, in other cases relieved by panels of white silk bordered with ruffings of chiffon, where little red roses are clustered, and so on through about a dozen gowns. Personally, I liked best a biscuit-coloured cloth, with three rouleaux of emerald-green velvet round the skirt and full capes of the velvet to relieve the perfectly tight sleeves. There is a corselet, too, of the velvet, appliqué with lace, and fastened at the back with a golden hook and eye, and the wearer—who, by the way, is a very pretty girl—



MISS DECIMA MOORE.

[Copyright.]

has a picture-hat of velvet to match. Then there is a grey velvet, where the chosen trimming takes the form of ruchings of satin ribbon in sober grey and vivid cherry-red, and another worthy member of this special group is a skirt of white silk with line-stripes of black, which has a scarf of eau-de-Nil *crêpe* de Chine caught down at either side by a cluster of tea-roses, while the bodice is all frilled with white chiffon outlined with black velvet baby-ribbon.

But, though there are many more, the second act must be dealt with lightly, for it brings an array of smart evening-gowns and some wonderful allegorical costumes which are supposed to have adorned a Lord Mayor's Show—would that they had in reality, for they would certainly have imparted an unusual excitement to the proceedings!

Imagine a superb, dark-haired woman, representing "Music," in filmy draperies of palest blue and yellow wrought with gold, or a tall, fair representative of the City of London, in pale-grey satin robes embroidered with shining silver dragons and swords and crosses in flaming red, while the sweeping train bears at the top a great star in shining silver, whose beams radiate over another assemblage of dragons—a train which is carried by four little pages in costumes to match. "Agriculture" is distinctly attractive when gowned, as now, in green satin draperies, with a wealth of golden corn and grain embroidered at the hem, and caught up to show an under-dress of yellow gauze powdered with gold, while "Embroidery" is a lovely girl in trailing apricot-coloured plush, the front of the garment a glittering mass of marvellous embroidery, while her long fair hair is crowned with a wreath of golden-brown chrysanthemums.

Needless to say, these costumes, with many others, proclaim the genius of the famous Alias.

FLORENCE.

CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on Oct. 14.

THE PAST ACCOUNT.

The settlement concluded last week was rather a serious one for the "bulls," the Making-up List, with the exception of American Rails, showing an all-round decline. Gilt-edged securities suffered pretty considerably, especially in the Colonial Government department, where the falls ranged from 1 to 7 points. Among the securities that suffered most were the Victorian and South Australian issues. Home Rails show considerable falls, the most prominent being in London and South-Western Consolidated and South-Eastern Preferred, which have fallen away 10 and 8 points respectively. In Foreign stocks the decline has not been so very pronounced, the stocks chiefly affected being those of the South American States. The Buenos Ayres and Santa Fé loans have dropped to the extent of 3 per cent., while several declines of 2 per cent. are also recorded. In Indian Rails there has been a considerable slump all round, Bombay and Baroda and Great Indian Peninsula having lost as much as 10 and 8 points respectively. Foreign Rails exhibit a great many declines, but they are not of a very serious nature, the heaviest depreciations being in Buenos Ayres Great Southern Four per Cent. Debentures, Buenos Ayres Four per Cent. First Debentures, and Buenos Ayres Western Four per Cent. Debentures, which have each fallen $4\frac{1}{2}$ points. Commercial and Industrial stocks have been somewhat irregular in their movements, but there are no very important points to bring out in this department. As we have already indicated, American are the only securities which have appreciated in price during the Account. The rises, although general, are not important, ranging only from 1 to $3\frac{3}{4}$ points. Breweries have been distinctly on the downgrade, especially Guinness Ordinary and Preference, which have fallen away 25 and 7 points respectively.

In the Mining Market the same characteristics have prevailed, and out of the whole Making-up List there have been only twenty-five rises. The following are a few of the more important fluctuations in the Kaffir department—

	Sept. 12.	Sept. 23.	Fall.
Apex	$8\frac{3}{4}$	$7\frac{1}{2}$	$1\frac{1}{4}$
City and Suburban	$5\frac{1}{16}$	$4\frac{5}{8}$	$\frac{1}{16}$
Consolidated Gold Fields of S.A. Def. ...	$13\frac{1}{4}$	$12\frac{1}{4}$	1
De Beers	30	$29\frac{3}{4}$	$\frac{1}{4}$
East Rand	$7\frac{1}{2}$	$6\frac{1}{4}$	$\frac{1}{4}$
Ferreira	20	$19\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$
Gold Fields Deep	$11\frac{5}{8}$	$10\frac{3}{8}$	$1\frac{1}{4}$
Johannesburg Consolidated Investment ...	$3\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{1}{10}$	$\frac{1}{10}$
Jumpers	$6\frac{3}{4}$	$6\frac{1}{10}$	$\frac{1}{10}$
Knights	$7\frac{1}{4}$	$6\frac{3}{4}$	$\frac{1}{4}$
Modderfontein "B"	$1\frac{1}{2}$	$1\frac{1}{10}$	$\frac{1}{10}$
New Jagersfontein	10	$9\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$
New Primrose	$5\frac{1}{8}$	$5\frac{1}{10}$	$\frac{1}{10}$
Rand Mines	31	$28\frac{1}{2}$	$2\frac{1}{2}$
Rhodesia Exploration and Development ...	$6\frac{1}{4}$	$5\frac{3}{4}$	1
South African Gold Trust	$8\frac{5}{8}$	$7\frac{5}{8}$	1
Van Ryn (New)	$4\frac{1}{16}$	$4\frac{1}{4}$	$\frac{1}{16}$

In the Westralian department the heaviest falls occurred in West Australian Goldfields and Ramage Syndicate, which lost $1\frac{3}{4}$ and 1 respectively. Beyond declines of $\frac{1}{2}$ each in Linares, Mount Lyell, and Zolima "B," the downward movements in the Miscellaneous Market were of trifling moment; but the figures do not express the true inwardness of the trouble which has been going on in the West Australian Market, where it is not so much the fall in prices during the fortnight as the impossibility of, in many cases, effecting a sale at nominal quotations which has brought about a crisis with a largish firm of jobbers, and caused to be circulated all sorts of "yarns" that one of the finance companies had to be helped over the Account.

HAMPTON PLAINS ESTATE.

The great possibilities of this company were prominently brought before the shareholders at the first annual general meeting, held last week. The company has not been idle during the first two years of its existence, for the directors find themselves in the happy position of being able to recommend a return of capital to the shareholders to the extent of 4s. in the pound, which is equivalent to a dividend of 20 per cent. on the £1 share. The chairman was able to inform the meeting that, in the event of this recommendation being adopted, it would leave the company in a stronger financial position now than when it was first formed. When the company was started, the working capital for the whole estate of 216,000 acres was £50,000, while now, in consequence of the formation of subsidiary companies with working capitals of their own, the Hampton Plains Company has over £60,000 with which to develop 134,000 acres. Mr. R. H. Lapage, who has just returned from a visit to the property, was able to give the meeting some interesting information about it. He dealt exhaustively with the water supply, which he confidently believes will eventually yield a considerable revenue to the company.

At the beginning of last year the shares stood at $1\frac{1}{2}$, from which point they steadily rose until, in January of this year, they reached the high figure of 3. The price continued to rise until the middle of the present year, about which time they touched 5. In sympathy, however, with other Westralian ventures, they have fallen away during the past three months, and at the present time are quoted about 4. The company has great possibilities in front of it, and, with its present effective management, should be able to give a good account of itself ere another twelve months have passed.

THE BANK OF AUSTRALASIA.

It is satisfactory to gather from the remarks of the chairman of this important institution, made at the half-yearly general meeting on Thursday last, that the course of Australian banking is more nearly approaching the English system than has ever previously been the case. It would appear, therefore, by this statement that Australian bank directors have taken to heart the lessons which they have learnt during the past few years, and are going to modify their methods accordingly.

The following letter from our Johannesburg correspondent gives a good account of two important Rand Mines in which many of our English readers are interested—

GLENCAIRN.

The absorption of the Glenluce mine by the Glencairn Gold-Mining Company raises the latter to the status of one of the big mines of the Witwatersrand. The Glencairn is, indeed, already one of the principal producers, as it has been running for nearly a twelvemonth its large battery of 100 stamps, with cyanide plant of a corresponding magnitude; but the crushing power will now be increased to 200 stamps, and while a few mines on the Rand may come up to this size of battery in the immediate future, possibly no one, except the Simmer and Jack, is likely to exceed it for a considerable time to come.

But the capital of the Glencairn is being increased in a corresponding degree; the shareholders are practically paying for the Glenluce property at the same rate per claim that the share market puts upon the older mine. The acquisition of the new property cannot, therefore, be said to be any great bargain, and that would seem to be the interpretation put upon the transaction by the share market. Hitherto the capital of the Glencairn has been £225,000, and a similar amount is to be added for the Glenluce property, plus an additional £100,000 (to be issued at £3 per share) for fresh working capital. The total amount on which dividends will have to be paid in future is thus £550,000—a pretty considerable sum, taking into consideration the moderate grade of the ore.

In 1895 the Glencairn, running 70 stamps for ten months and 100 stamps for the last two months, paid $27\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on £225,000, and the problem now to be solved is what may be expected with 200 stamps, once they are at work, the capital on which dividends have to be paid being £550,000. The result is not to be arrived at by an ordinary calculation, because the Glencairn's profits have not been keeping up of late to the old ratio, and, apparently, this, like so many of the other mines on the Rand, has encountered a "poor zone" of ore since the memorable boom times of last year.

A comparison of last year's figures with those of the present year is instructive. The average yield from the plates for the whole of last year was 7.81 dwt. per ton, representing a value of £1 8s. 1d. per ton. Tailings gave the high average of 6.20 dwt. per ton, and the total yield from the mine was 56,229 oz. 11 dwt., valued at £191,350, from 96,520 tons of ore. A simple calculation shows that the gross yield was within a fraction of £2 per ton of ore crushed—a marvellous performance for a mine like the Glencairn, and one that shareholders need not expect to be maintained from year's end to year's end. The present year has shown a lamentable falling off in the yield. To take only recent months—

	Tons crushed.	Gross yield.	Valued at.	Average yield per ton.
May	7,739	3200 oz.	£10,960	28s. 4d.
June	10,201	3468 oz.	11,920	23s. 4d.
July	11,006	3986 oz.	12,920	23s. 6d.

Figures like these need no comment. They represent a sad falling off from the 1895 average of 40s. per ton, a rate which has not nearly been obtained any month since the beginning of 1896. Obviously it will not be possible to pay dividends with ore worth only 23s. 6d. per ton, and it is not necessary to qualify this statement with any reference to the number of stamps being 200 instead of 100, although, let it be noted, the capital is also to be increased from £225,000 to £550,000. The "poor zone" of ore will, no doubt, be got through in time, and it will probably ultimately transpire that 23s. 6d. per ton is considerably under the average value of Glencairn ore, just as certainly as a yield of 40s. per ton is above the average.

The value of the ore in the newly acquired ground may be taken roughly at a similar value to Glencairn ore. On its former basis the Glencairn was reckoned to have a life of about a dozen years. This duration of life will not be disturbed by the acquisition of the Glenluce, for while the area of the unworked portion of the mine is being doubled, the reduction plant is being similarly enlarged.

Mr. Harry Graumann, whose photograph we give, is one of the most successful and popular of the younger generation of mining-men on the Rand. He is Chairman and Managing Director of the Johannesburg Mines, Limited, the Chairman of the Phoenix Gold-Mines, Limited, Director of the Rand Collieries, and is the Johannesburg representative of the Freeman-Cohen group of companies.

FERREIRA.

There seems no limit to the dividend-earning possibilities of this, admittedly the richest mine for its size on the Rand. Since the beginning of 1894 the company has returned in dividends to its shareholders no less than 455 per cent., a considerable proportion of this on the increased capital of £90,000. Since September 1891 the total amount returned is 715 per cent. The current year is the best of all, and last quarter has surpassed everything in the history of this marvellous mine. For the three months ended June 30 the profits were £84,230, being at the rate of 374 per cent. per annum. There is no mine on the Rand can come near this, but, of course, the Ferreira is blessed with a very low capital.



MR. HARRY GRAUMANN.

Photo by C. A. Gandy, London.

Taking it in another way, the Ferreira runs 80 stamps, so that the profit per stamp for the quarter has been, roughly, £1050, or at the rate of £4200 per annum. The Robinson, with 120 stamps, in the same quarter netted as profits £101,196, being at the rate of £840 per stamp. There is this difference, of course, that the Robinson profits, from certain well-known causes, were considerably under the average, whereas the Ferreira was working at high pressure, so to speak. In saying this, however, it is not to be inferred that the Ferreira profits are not likely to be maintained at a very high rate—higher per stamp than the profits of any other mine on the Rand, with the solitary exception, perhaps, of the Nigel at particular periods when that mine is working exceptionally rich ore. One is fortified in making this statement with regard to the Ferreira by the increasing richness of the reefs in the lower levels.

The two main shafts on the mine are now down over 1300 ft. each, and one has but to consult recent reports of the company to satisfy oneself of the marvellous richness of the South Reef in the levels about this depth. By the acquisition of the deep levels a couple of years ago the Directors of this company did a really splendid stroke of business, the true value of these deep-level claims becoming apparent now with the opening up of the mine at great depths. By the same admirable bit of business the life of the Ferreira has been greatly extended. It will be safe to calculate the life of the mine from to-day at a minimum of fifteen years. With the utilisation of the whole or the greater portion of the lower grade of Main Reef ore, this estimate will probably be considerably exceeded.

Next week we shall publish a letter from our West Australian correspondent, and, we hope, the first of some interesting photographs of Burbank's Birthday Gift Mine, in which so many of our readers are shareholders.

THE CYCLE MARKET.

We have never urged our readers to take shares in the numerous concerns which have been started in the cycle-making business. Most of them are over-capitalised, and however well they may do this year, when the stress of competition begins to pull prices down, next year, there is bound to be a bad day of reckoning; but, at the same time, as investments, sound concerns like Raleigh and Elswick, which have moderate capitals, and produce high-class work, are sure to prove remunerative, and the information at our disposal enables us to say that if any of our readers can pick up Elswick shares at a trifle below or even at par, we have every reason to believe they will prove a first-rate investment. We do not give this as a tip for a quick rise, but for those of our readers who want a sound progressive investment, out of which they will probably get a good dividend and a steady increase in capital value.

THE DUMONT COFFEE COMPANY.

When we warned our readers against having anything to do with this production of the Buchanan group, we hardly imagined that our warning would have such an object-lesson as the present price presents. Floated not a month ago, the ordinary shares are called 2½ discount and the 7 per cent. preference shares 2 discount already. Of course, very few people, except the underwriters, were "stuck"; but even underwriters have feelings to lacerate and pockets to suffer. If they don't get out soon, they may have to put up with even further loss.

THE PRINCES GOLD-MINES.

Our contemporary the *City Press*, in its admirable Money article, again refers to this concern, and makes a series of statements which certainly appear to call for some reply from the directors. Is it a fact that when the prospectus asked for £50,000 working capital the company went to allotment on 1482 shares? Is it a fact that the chairman holds no interest in the company? The shares were dealt in at about ½ premium in August 1895, and under the present Rules of the Stock Exchange the buyers need not pay for their purchases until a special settlement is fixed, so that it is now quite possible "to make a market" and induce people to subscribe by buying shares at a premium, and then escape all liability by never getting any settlement fixed. Surely the Committee ought to take steps to prevent this sort of thing when it is brought under its notice. If the Princes' gold case causes an alteration in the Rules it will not have lived in vain.

NEW ISSUES.

Gray and Gilbert, Limited.—To be avoided.

The British Dominions Explorations, Limited.—Only foolish people would subscribe, especially as Mr. Mackusick recommends it.

The West Australian Loan and General Finance Corporation, Limited.—Allied to the West Australian Joint Stock Trust. Subscribers may very likely make a profit if they do not hold too long.

The London and Westminster Contract Corporation, Limited.—Another promoting concern as to which we feel grave doubts.

The Malay Peninsula Coffee Company, Limited.—The project does not appear attractive.

Chandler's Wiltshire Brewery, Limited.—A Johannesburg concern, with which Mr. J. C. Cottam is said to have had some connection. Wise men will avoid it.

The Brownhill Great Southern, Limited.—There is too much of Mr. Oppert about this to please us.

The New Beeston Brewery Company, Limited.—It sounds more like tyres and bicycles than beer; but we think both classes of shares offered are likely to prove good investments. The debentures have not enough margin to please us, considering the rate of interest offered.

We congratulate Mr. Horatio Bottomley on having at last "found out" the iniquities of the Universal Stock Exchange. How it could have taken so clever a man such a long time to discover that the Universal Stock Exchange was not worthy of the confidence of the investing public is one of those problems which "no fellow can understand." Better late than never, Mr. Bottomley.

Saturday, Oct. 3, 1896.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. W. R.—See answer to "W. W." last week. We are of opinion that there is no value except as gambling counters in the ordinary shares, but there is sure to be a bucket-shop rig in them sooner or later, and then they may be worked up to something nearer your price. You may as well hold for a few months, and get out on any rise.

C. S.—We think the company was over-capitalised, but the business is doing very well, and the ordinary shares are sure to get a dividend. The company was only floated three or four months ago, so it is absurd to ask about a dividend.

H. M.—We wrote to you on Sept. 29.

"I DARE."—We are much obliged for your letter and the enclosure. We often expose things of the kind you send us, but really the affair you bring under our notice is so self-evidently a swindle that we feel very few people will get taken in, and those few deserve it. Mr. Labouchere, whose name is taken in vain, ought to expose it, and we have sent the paper on to him.

E. K.—(1) We have a poor opinion of it. (2) We really do not know. These racecourse companies are quite local, and never dealt in on the London Stock Exchange. You should consult a Birmingham broker or bank.

ENTRE NOUS.—Of course, the name and address of correspondents are not wanted for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. We cannot answer your questions because we destroyed your original anonymous letter and cannot remember what you asked.

BURTON.—We wrote all we knew about these shares at the end of July last. We continue to hear good accounts about them, but the South African Market is in such a state that the decline in price is not to be wondered at. If it was good enough for Mr. Barnato to buy, it should be good enough for everybody else.

BALLYNAHINCH.—(1) Yes; No. 1 was over-capitalised, but the vendors are a very long-sighted, clever lot, and are buying the shares (as we know from our own transfers). We should hold. (2) This company has had a splendid year, and will probably do well for a long time to come. You will get a big dividend, and we should hold also, for you are in good company. We fear you went into cycle shares for quick profits, not investment.

CAVEAT EMPTOR.—You have no conscience. Nineteen different lots of shares and about five lines available to give our opinion in! Every one of them, except 5, 13, 14, 18, and perhaps 15 and 19, are, of course, utter rubbish. To say what should be sold and what held we should have to consider the price they each cost, and the question of whether you can afford to gamble on the money is of vital importance. We believe 5 is a fair mining risk, but as to this and Nos. 6, 11, and 16 see answer to "Nurani" last week. 13 depends on the price of silver and the treatment of sulphide ores. It is a fair speculative investment; (14) we have so often expressed our opinion upon Chartered shares, we can only say, get out on any little rise, while as to the rest it is a toss-up.

MENZIES NIAGARA.—You cannot sell because there are no buyers. It is impossible to say what may come of it; but as you must hold on, it is not worth discussing.

E. E. H.—Why do you not read the directions at the head of our Correspondence column? We should not consider the Brewery a desirable investment. We still think Town Properties of Western Australia a good concern. The Finance Corporation of Western Australia is a company in which we would not invest, and whose shares are never likely to be of intrinsic value.

ORPHEUS.—(1) We should hold. (2) Ditto. If anything West Australian is likely to turn out well, these two concerns are pretty sure to be among them. Of course, in the general slump they may go lower, but as to that we can add little to last week's "Notes." (3) A fair but very speculative investment, which we should not care about. (4) We bought some of these shares ourselves, and sold last week at a fair profit; but the concern is first-rate.

J. B.—We wrote to you on the 2nd inst.

PAT.—(1) We should hold. The African Market is as bad as bad can be, but Randfonteins are a reasonable speculation, and will improve as soon as there is any general revival. (2) This concern came from a "bad stable," as people say about a racehorse. We believe it to be a "wild-cat" affair. Write to Mr. Hess, of the *African Critic*; he can tell you all about it.

L. L. D.—We hear, as we are going to press, that the newspaper combination we have referred to will come off, and probably be issued at the end of this month. We will look after you. We have no further information as to Nobel's Dynamite.

F. C. P.—(1) We believe Hannan's Proprietary to be one of the best West Australian concerns. It holds so much ground that even if some of its leases turn out duffers, some are sure to prove of great value. (2) If we knew which were duffers, and which were not, we should make our own fortunes and then tell you. We are sure Hannan's Reward and Burbank's Birthday Gift are good mines. Of the properties you mention we have doubts as to 3 and 8; as far as the rest go, all the information at our disposal is favourable. The office of the Mount Charlotte Company is in Edinburgh (24, Charlotte Square). We think the shares are dealt in there.

JUNIUS.—(1 and 2) See answer to "F. C. P." (3) We have never recommended it. (4) See answer to "L. L. D." Only 5 per cent. preference shares will be offered to the public. (5) Yes. (6) We are not in love with these shares, although they may pay a good dividend. The capital of the company is nothing but goodwill. (7) Hold, although if the whole West Australian market goes worse, these shares will probably fall with it.

HAMPSTEAD.—Buy the Elswick Company's ordinary shares. See this week's "Notes." We hear that the company's output for next year is already sold. When other people begin to feel the pinch of competition the Elswick Company will hardly suffer, for they deal in an article of a higher class than the general bulk of the trade.